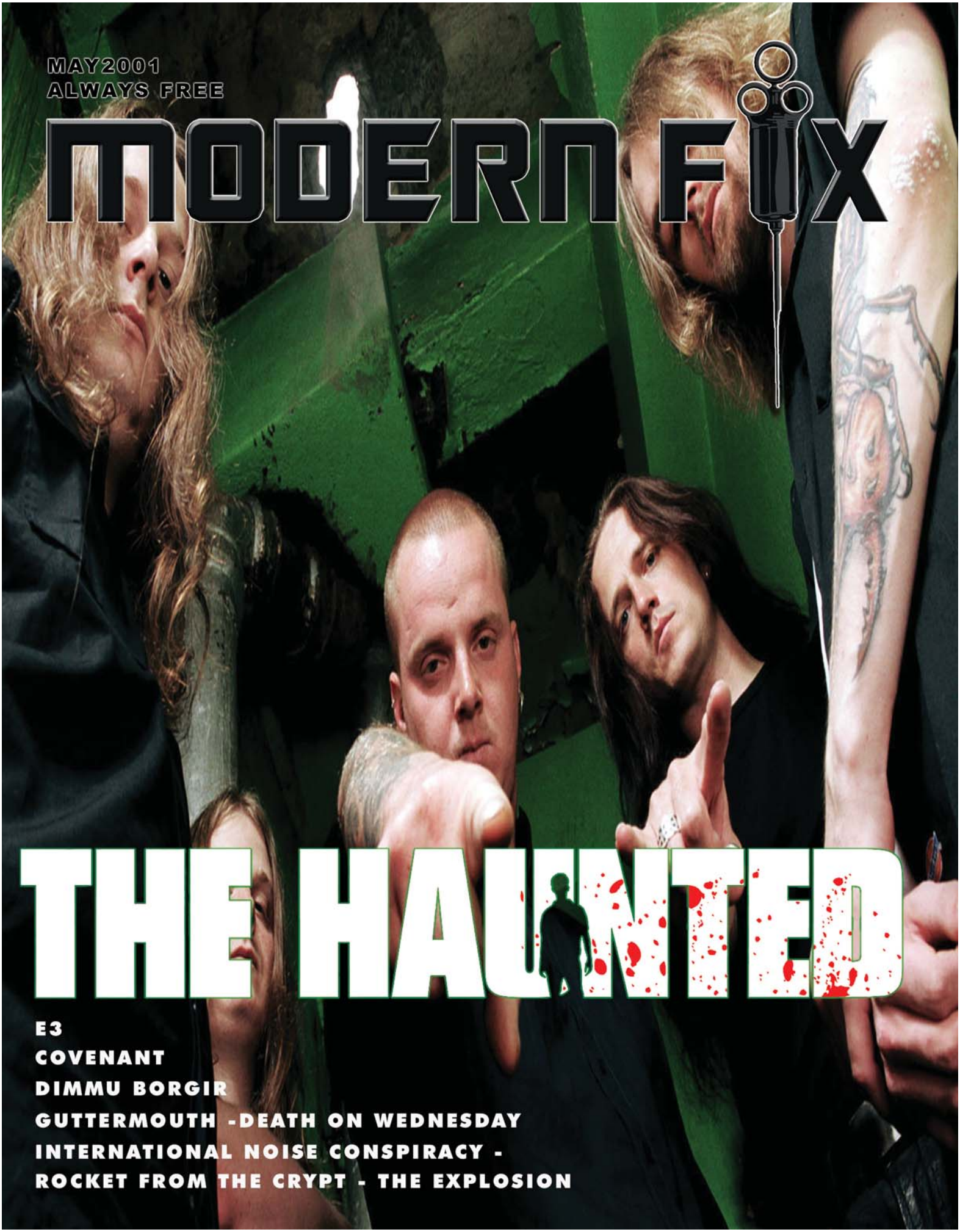
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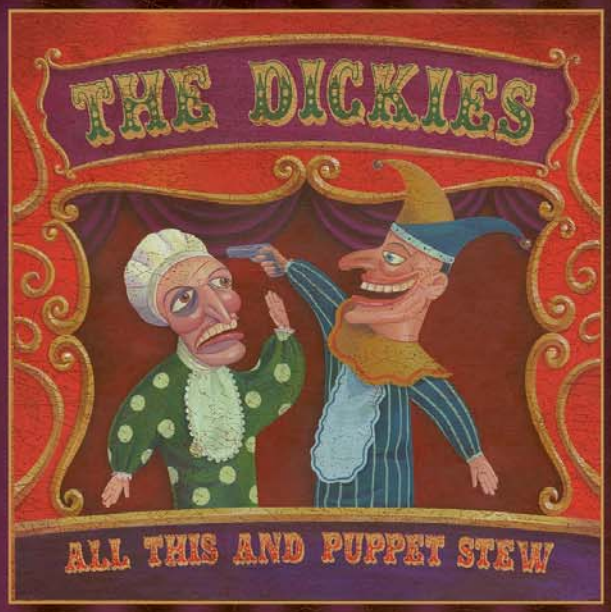

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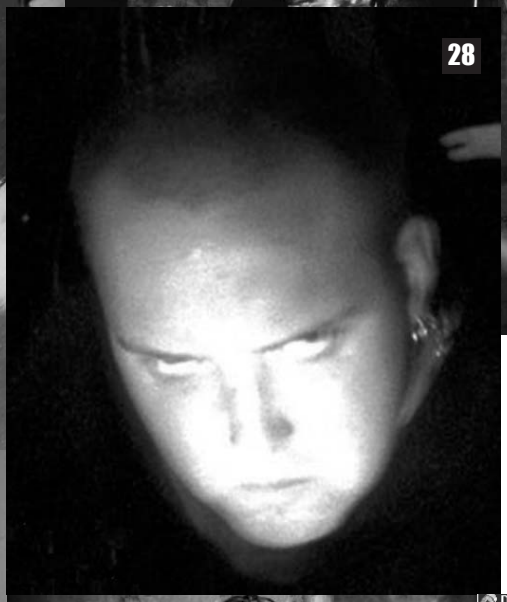

Columns

News **6**

Comics **10-11**

“Faires Wear Boots” - (Fiction) **37-39**

VideoGames **40-42**

Hot Import Nights **44-45**

CD Reviews **46-52**

TheEnd **54-55**

One of Rolling Stone's "10 Best Metal Bands"... - ROLLING STONE

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AN' YOU BETTA HAVE MA'MONEY
Seamus 00

Welcome to the news... Ex-**Soundgarden** lead singer **Chris Cornell** is confirmed to be recording with the remaining three members of **Rage Against the Machine**. The band will not be calling itself Rage Against The Machine and has yet to choose a new name. Pre-production has begun in Los Angeles, with **Rick Rubin** at the boards. Says Cornell's manager, "It's not gonna sound like **Molly Hatchet**. A lot of people heavily associate Rage with rap-rock and Chris doesn't rap. This is a rock band." Meanwhile, former Rage frontman **Zack De La Rocha** will be featured on the forthcoming third album from **Mumia Abu-Jamal**, who is on death row in a Philadelphia prison for the 1981 murder of police officer Daniel Faulkner... **System of a Down**, currently in a Los Angeles studio with producer Rick Rubin (he gets around) recording the band's second album, debuted new material from the album at a trio of radio station-sponsored concerts held over Memorial Day weekend. System is recording some thirty-three songs for the album, which will eventually be pared down to a 13-track lineup on the final CD... **Bad Religion** has announced plans to return to Epitaph for their next studio release. The forthcoming album also marks the return of founding guitarist and co-songwriter **Brett Gurewitz**, who is also the owner of Epitaph. "Having Brett rejoin the band and being back home on Epitaph are personally more significant to me than almost anything we have ever achieved as a band," says Bad Religion vocalist **Greg Graffin**. "This is what we have done together since we were teenagers, sketching the Epitaph logo on scratchpads in my mom's living room after rehearsal, singing harmonies together in a VW bus on our California punk-club tours, writing songs on napkins in Denny's after shows." Graffin and Gurewitz have already penned several new songs and plan to hit the studio this summer... **Slipknot** illuminate the inspired madness of "Iowa," their forthcoming album due out this summer. Says percussionist **Shawn Crahan** (#6): "We're from Iowa and everyone seems to have a problem with us being from Iowa. They think there's something in the water and that maybe the woods are a little bit scarier. The bottom line is: this is where I live"... **Deftones** will hit the road this summer for an eight-week U.S. tour co-headlining with **Godsmack**. The tour kicks off mid-July in the Pacific Northwest and wrap up just after Labor Day. The band recently won their first Grammy Award, naming the track "Elite," from last summer's "White Pony," as Best Metal Performance... **Les Claypool**'s **Frog Brigade** will take to the road this summer for a series of concerts dates in support of the group's new album, "Live Frogs - Set 1," which was released April 10 on Claypool's own Prawn Song label. Claypool has also been in the studio with **Police** drummer **Stewart Copeland** and **Phish** guitarist **Trey Anastasio** recording the debut CD of their collaborative project, **Oysterhead**, which is due out this fall on Elektra... **No One** and **Spineshank** have been added to the second stage at **Ozzfest**. **Zakk Wylde**'s **Black Label Society** has been moved to the main stage... This summer's **Extreme Steel Tour** will headline **Pantera**, **Slayer**, **Static-X**, **Skrape** and **Morbid Angel**... The first annual "Pledge Of Allegiance" tour has been scheduled to debut on October 1st, 2001 in Las Vegas. The six-week tour will feature headliners Slipknot and System of a Down, who are also partners in the event... **Diecast** will be embarking on a full cross country tour with **Catastrophic** (ex-members of **Obituary**) during the months of July and August. In other Diecast news, the track "Singled Out," from their latest album "Day of Reckoning," will be used as the opening track for the new Ultimate Fighting Championship video game, to be available soon for Microsoft's **X-Box** and Sony's **Playstation II**... **Iggy Pop**, the undisputed godfather of punk, is slated to release full-length album "Beat 'Em Up" in July. Pop will be touring the U.S. this fall... **The River City Rebels** will be trekking all over the country this summer in support of the upcoming sophomore release scheduled for early fall... **The Reign of Terror** is launching a summer tour in support of its third power metal opus, "Sacred Ground"... Poland's teenage death metal hellions **Decapitated** have confirmed that they will be hitting U.S. soil this summer for their first-ever North American tour... **Darkest Hour** has just finished up in the studio and

Chris Cornell rocks, yo

Mumia

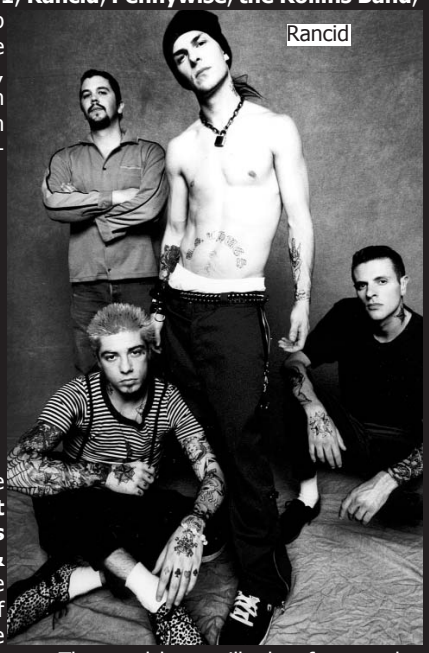
Decapitated

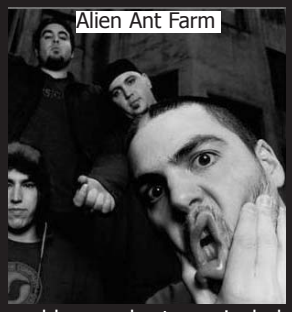
No One

will be set to release "So Sedate, So Secure" in early July... **Sunset Black** has recently finished recording three songs for the yet untitled upcoming release, tentatively scheduled for August... **Cave In** has inked a deal with RCA. The band will join **Hot Water Music**, **Zero Zero** and others for the **Plea for Peace/Take Action benefit** tour (Aug/Sept) before heading in to the studio to record a follow-up to last year's "Jupiter"... Thrash/punk/metal kings **Slayer** are set to unleash their eighth studio album, "God Hates Us All," July 10... The band formerly known as **Hinge** has changed its name to **Dry Kill Logic** and is currently touring with **Fear Factory**... **Waterdown** has confirmed a short tour in July with **Drowningman** and **Thursday**. Thursday is gearing up to film a video for its new single, "Understanding in a Car Crash"... After ten years, **Earth Crisis** has decided to call it quits. They will be playing their final show July 8th in Syracuse, NY as part of the 2001 **Hellfest**. Says the band: "Every person at every show, and every person that experienced our music, was exposed to our messages of human, animal, and earth liberation and our philosophy about veganism and straight edge. And we hope that we have encouraged some of these people to think about at least one issue from at least one song in a new way"... **311**, **Rancid**, **Pennywise**, **the Rollins Band**, and **New Found Glory** top the list of acts set for the **Vans Warped Tour** 2001, which kicks off in Phoenix on June 22. Others featured on this year's model of the venerable punk tour include **Fenix TX**, **Alien Ant Farm**,**Good Charlotte**, **Less Than Jake** and **Me First & the Gimme Gimmes**, the all-covers side project of **NOFX**'s **Fat Mike** and the **Foo Fighters**' **Chris Shiflett**. The roadshow will also feature the **Misfits**, **Fear**, **H2O,** rapper **Kool Keith**, the **Vandals**, **AFI**, the **Ataris**, **Big Wig**, **Distillers**, **Grand Theft Audio**, **Dub Pistols**, **Guttermouth**, the **Julianna Theory**, **Kill Your Idols**, **Madcap**, **Jepetto**, **Midtown**, reggae outfit **Morgan Heritage**, River City Rebels, **No Motiv**, **Saves The Day**, **Sugarcult**, **Esham**, **Ultrababyfat** and **Userfriendly**. Where's the yayo? **End**.

Dry Kill Logic - stayin' clean

Bye bye Earth Crisis


Rancid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Soon: Until The End, Arma Angelus, Dashboard Confessional

Death On Wednesday

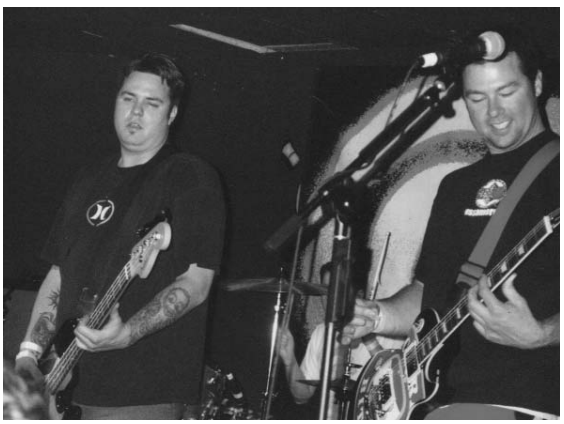
Rocked. Never heard them before. Will hear them again. Punk influences filtered through a straighter rock edge. Energy translated. The hunger to be on stage could be felt. I will say it again, they rocked.

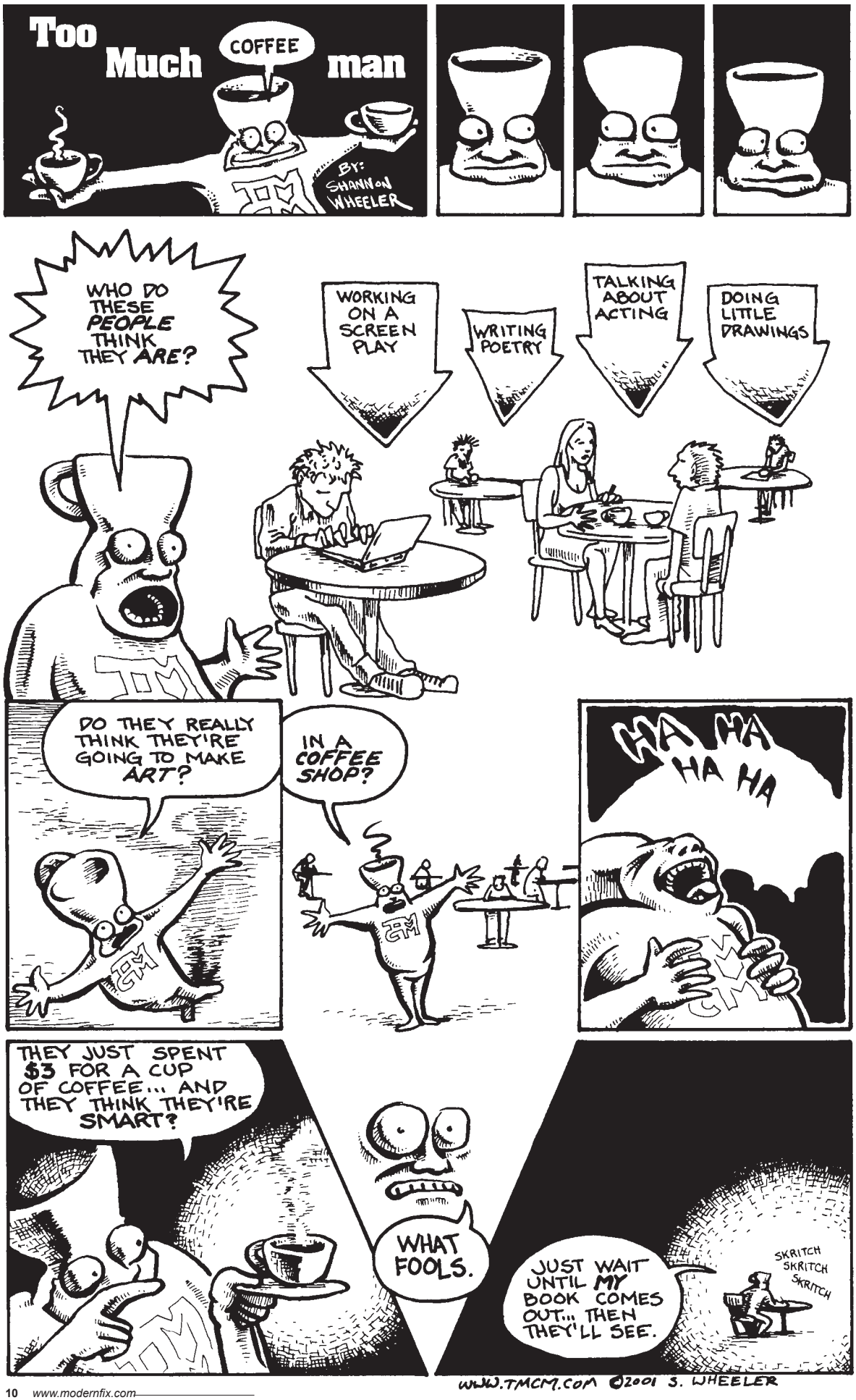
@ Canes - Mission Beach, SD CA 4-01-01

observations/photos: Bushman

Blew the place apart. Guttermouth ALWAYS seems to do that. The crowd they draw worships these idiots. I dig them because I saw them live once and have considered myself a fan since. Singer Mark Adkins replaced his shirt with a bra thrown on stage. Then wore it on his head. He jumped in the crowd often. They played old and new songs and generally blew the place apart. Oh yeah, I already said that. A Must see.

Guttermouth

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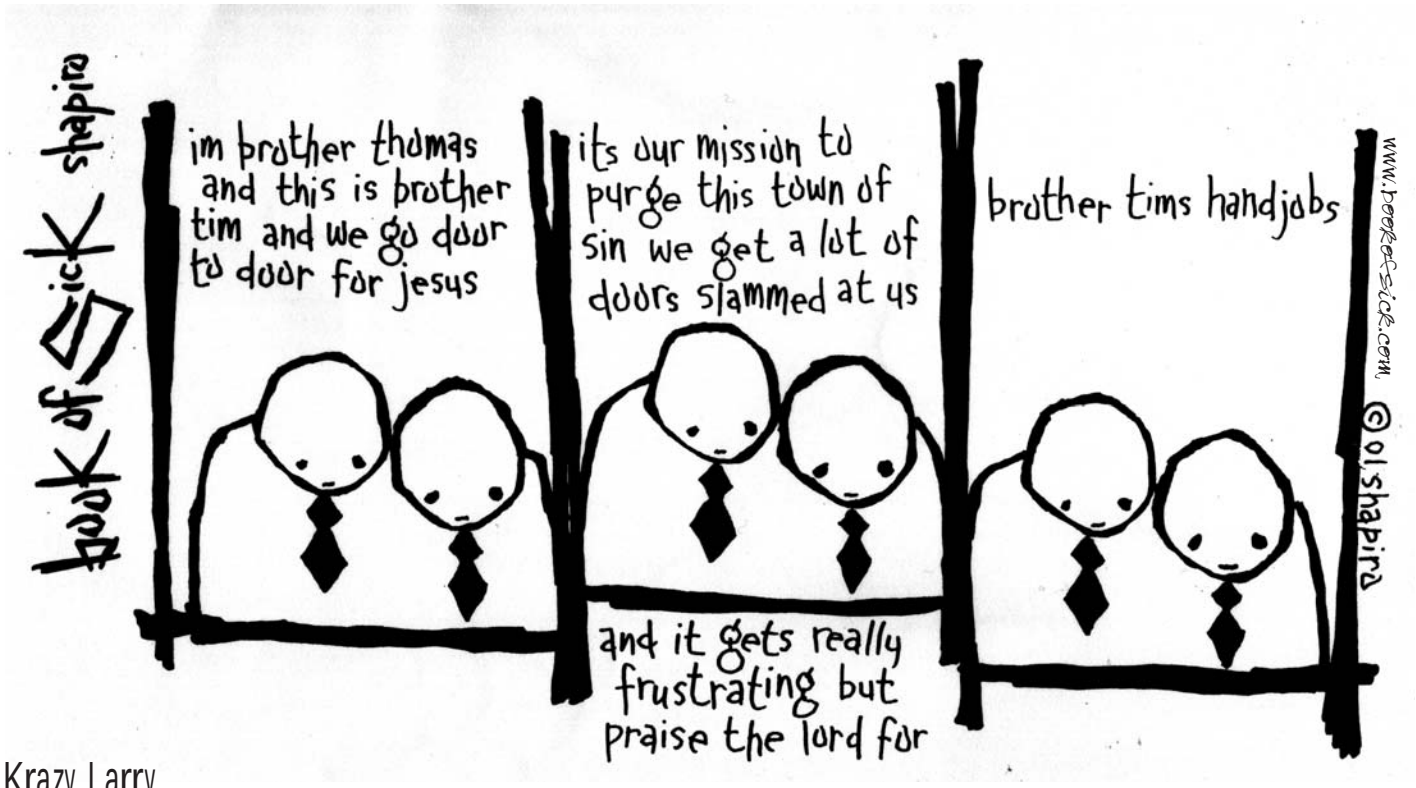
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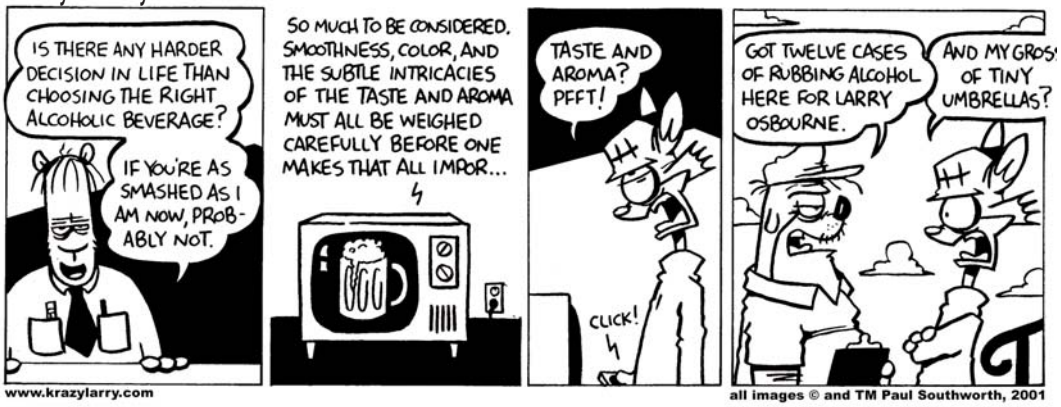
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huh. uh-huh. huh huh huh. uh-huh. huh.

COOL ACTION FIGURE OF THE MONTH

DAVROS (Creator of the Daleks)

DR.WHO
The 4th Doctor
(as played by Tom Baker)

Dr.Who is cooler than Star Trek.

Covenant

cov-e-nant (kv-nnt)

A binding agreement; a compact.
Law.
A formal sealed agreement or contract.

A suit to recover damages for violation of such a contract.

To promise by or as if by a covenant.

To enter into a covenant.

In the Bible, God's promise to the human race.

Middle English from Old French, from present participle of convenir, to agree.

1

2

3

Interview w/ Joakim Montelius

Litterateur: Mike Peaslee
Lenswoman: Brenda Marchetti

"2001 United States of Mind Tour"

Covenant w/ And One
April 26th, 2001

Maritime Hall
450 Harrison Street, San Francisco
8pm doors/9pm show, $27
all ages

Captured on Film:

Eskil Simonsson, *vocals*
3 - 5 - 6 - 9

Joakim Montelius, *keyboards*
1 - 4 - 8

Clas Nachmanson, *keyboards*
2 - 7

Synthpop crept up out of the late-70s and early-80s as the dark alternative to both R&B and Glam (I'm referring to both hair-metal and new wave punk). Propelled by Canadian and European acts like Front 242, Depeche Mode and Throbbing Gristle, depressed electronic dance music went mainstream. After peaking in the mid 90s, the love faded stateside. This is not to suggest that the style died out. It simply stopped crossing the Atlantic. We like our like our trends like our crack - hard, overwhelming and short-lived. With a drop in airplay and sales, a shortage of US releases and slim touring schedules sent it back into the underground. It's gradual resurfacing might be attributed to the rise of darker techno, electro and 80's retro, along with the recent wave of punk pop and hardcore metal and the over-saturation of lighter dance music on the market. There's also the fact that EBM's influence on Synthpop has made it about as DJ fri!endly as house.

The Swedish group Covenant has paid their dues with steady touring and a stream of releases through German and US labels, while remaining independent. Joakim Montelius, 31, lyricist and keyboard player, says he, fellow keyboardist Clas Nachmanson, 34, and vocalist Eskil Simonsson, 31, got their start in high school.

Joakim says they first hatched the idea to pursue music following a Front 242 concert at around 14-years-old. "On the train back, we just started talking to each other. Everybody had a couple of synths at home. We were seven people trying to make a band. We had 10 or 15 different bands. The three core members of all these bands were the three we are now. We just decided to get serious."

In 1989, they solidified into Covenant and released " The Replicant," a single on the 1992 compilation Autumn Leaves on the Swedish label Memento Materia. Since then, they've turned out 4 studio albums, live albums and numerous remixes.

Their current album, United States of Mind is a turn toward more dynamic production and dance-oriented, yet compact song structure. "Pop is a very important element in our music. We stick to the classic formula of verse-chorus-bridge-chorus-verse to the end. It's a very good working formula. It's also a frame in which you can put your ideas. If you don't have any structure, it's difficult to pin your ideas down. It's a way of filtering out unnecessary elements. If you have to stick to a certain timeframe and a certain pattern in the song, you also have to concentrate what you're trying to say and what you're trying to achieve. Poets for example - they have rhythms and patterns for how they write lines - they use Beat. We try to do the same. That's why we stick to the pop formula."

The single "Dead Stars" has a darkly subdued, melodic house feel with cold, detached vocals. "Then again, you can't be too poppy. If you have pure melody, it gets kind of boring. You have to put it in a soundscape and rhythmic environment that makes sense. Really good pop music is almost always unhappy, because without emotion, music is meaningless - just another science."

Live performance is what they're known best for, honed by years of fairly constant touring. Their first show was for an audience of four. "It wasn't even a concert. It was a catastrophe. We didn't even have a PA. We played on a stereo system at a private party. We blew the amplifier eight times and had to replace the fuse every time. We took like four hours to play three songs. Shit happens. We never thought anyone would be interested in seeing us play live."

I was waiting in the checkout line between a girl buying condoms and another with just a pack of gum, looking far too nervous...

I was waiting in the checkout line between a girl buying condoms and another with just a pack of gum, looking far too nervous, which means she was also buying condoms. I think the checker believed I was somehow involved. I bought a Homerun pie, the greatest thing out of Livermore since cold fusion research. I arrived at my photographer's house at four and killed 30 minutes while she dyed her hair red. We were scheduled to meet the tour manager at 5:30pm. I wasn't worried. I am Zen. We arrived right on time, not that anybody else did.

Maritime Hall looks like the Hall of Justice, only it's a giant cement slab. Despite it being a sailor's union hall, Aquaman was nowhere to be found. He was a useless sack of crap anyway - him and the Wonder Twins. You're wondering what this has to do with the band. Nothing, but it's keeping me off the subject of bestiality and show tunes, which factored into the show heavily. Actually, there was only brief nudity in the course of the evening and I missed. Glory was only about a foot away, but I kept my eyes forward like a good Boy Scout. That's how dedicated I am. I gave up seeing breasts to get this story.

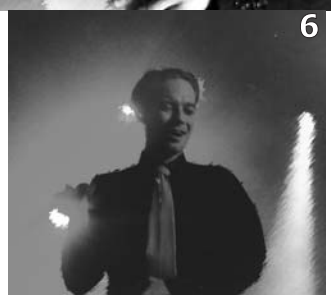
We wandered the corridors for weeks, until stumbling into the main hall. A rep from Unspun Records went looking for the band. The label/distributor has made itself the heart of the SF industrial scene and has strong ties to Cipher Productions, the concert's promoter. Covenant's gear was being sound checked. There's something amazing about watching a sound check. You see the fights between crew and management. You smoke indoors openly. You hear little chunks of music you've been waiting to hear for days. It's like watching candles being lit for an orgy you've been invited to.

Fernando was serving as the emcee. Recognized as the DJ's DJ in the SF gothic community, he's generally behind these events. Neither he, nor any of the staff had a clue of the band's whereabouts. He told me the interview was pushed back to 7pm, but no worries. I'd swear he was Buddha with a nose ring. I'd have lent him my car keys at that point. The downside was no surprise. Industrial bands love pulling the old press-bitchslap-combo: No flash photography and no shots of the bands offstage.

And One opened up with plenty of them rock star gyrations for the ladies. Vocalist Steve Naghavi crooned like a Deutsch Tom Jones over a minimal bed of dance beats and clean trebly synths. While sticking to their best-known cuts, "Metalhammer," "To Get You Closer" and "Technoman," they delved into full-on pop just far enough to bring a bit of hate from the rivet diehards. Marchetti, who has a taste for obscure Euro, damn near wet her pants. Naghavi wet mine with a bottle of pure mountain spring water. I have to respect a classic rock n' roll fluid toss, but beer would've been nice. At least it wasn't a bodily fluid. He bopped around with more boy band flair than industrial rage and climbed the PA cabs at least once per song. He never jumped, but there was one stage diver - just one - that nobody caught. Synthpop is still pop, even if it wears black.

The band had the crowd by the nuts...

Covenant took over. Lead singer Eskil Simonsson loomed over the mic with his eyes closed most of the night, while Joakim strayed from his keyboards to tear across stage with vocal aggression to counter Eskil's slow burn. The band had the crowd by the nuts, with a strange, casual bedside manner - I can't think of a better description for it - as if the whole room was thick in hash smoke. They cruised through 10 songs, including "Like Tears in Rain," "Flux," "Dead Stars" and "One World One Sky," before cutting out. Then came encore one - "No Man's Land" and "Theremin." The second encore kicked off with Joakim quieting the crowd and calling out the title, off-mic. Simonsson sang in near silence, while the ambient synths of "Wall of Sound" meandered in.



I arrived having only heard a few scattered tracks in clubs and the very little I could dig up online. I walked away as a new fan. They give it up live with the sonic depth and weight of a traditional live rock band They're closing out their tour in Italy at the moment and are set to begin work on the next studio album next month.

Covenant's web site is pretty much fucked, but hit their US distributor's site at: www.metropolis-records.com. Use "nefarious" means to acquire audio samples. I prefer Audiogalaxy (Lars banned me AGAIN), but Joakim is a Napster fan. And One's site is absolutely fucked up. It's more or less an ugly wall of randomly colored German text. I did find a decent fan site with plenty of interesting information about them at: user.tninet.se/~lrv954a/andone.

International Noise Conspiracy - Rocket From the Crypt - The Explosion

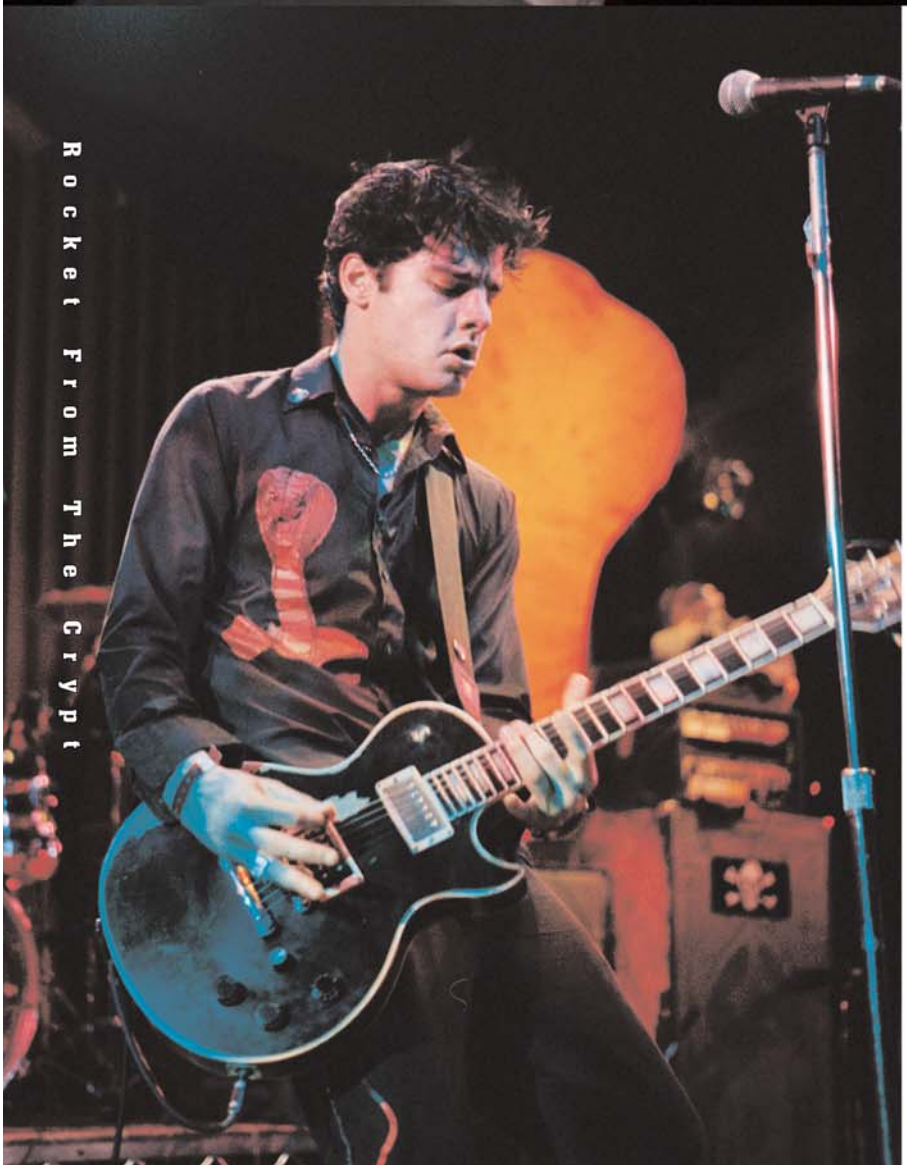
El Rey Theatre - Los Angeles, CA - 5/3/01

Energy, Energy, Energy! Did I say Energy? Damn the energy crisis, tonight's' show could of supplied all of the energy needs for California. The El Rey, with its awesome sound system and spectacular lighting hosted the Boston Bad boys, "The Explosion", Sweden's political popsters, "International Noise Conspiracy" and the very rambuxious sextep from San Diego,"Rocket from the Crypt".

The Explosion walked non-chalantly on stage and picked up their instruments. The lights shot on and quite literally a raw explosion of energy shot off the stage with Matt Hock at the vocals screaming into the audience. A cross between Billy Spunke of The Blue Meanies and Mick Jagger, Matt Hock rocked the crowd with his simplistic yet energetic vocals. The front man even got the crowd involved by letting a few members of the audience sing with him. The highlight of the set was a naked stage diver. Sorry I didn't get a pic.

The (International) Noise Conspiracy was up next with their political message in tow. "Are we content with Slavery?" and "Power to the People" were the statements of the night as they were reflected on the banners. They started off with "Survival Sickness" off the latest LP on Burning

The Explosion



Rocket From The Crypt

Heart Records and a few songs later they played the ever-popular "Survival Sickness". Ex Refused front man Dennis Lyxzen paused in between songs to talk about the recent WTO protests in Quebec. I'm not for one to involve politics in my music but it was his show and he can do as he pleases, since that is kind of what the band is all about. If you looked closely at Dennis you could see heavy influence from the Godfather of Soul, James Brown from his quick moves with his feet. It was amazing to see them end with more energy than they started with.

The San Diego bad boys, Rocket from the Crypt, came on stage to close out the show. All dressed up in matching attire, they came to entertain the crowd. Back from the land of major labels, Speedo and the boys revved up their guitars. They opened up with "Middle" from, Scream Dracula Scream and rolled right into "Born in 69'". The in your face raw rock and roll was on high octane tonight. Speedo's deep souled voice was right on the mark as his voice supported each song with the power of a bomb being dropped on the crowd. During a pause between songs he would thank Los Angeles for coming out to see the So Cal boys. It was funny the way he likes to pronounced Los Angeles, as if he had an aversion to the City of Angels. They cranked out "Ditch Digger" and "Dick on the Dog" as the crowd was begging for the old ones and they didn't let them down.

The guys were drenching in sweat by the end of the night but kept the energy flowing.

This is one Rocket that is still flying high.

review and photographs: Michael Moriatis

Extreme Radio

Bejarano

A offering back to Metal, for all the uncompromising music and the people who help keep it alive In the ranks of Extreme Metal, there some who go the extra mile. Some become obsessed with total allegiance, and others find better exploits for there energies. Out of a chance encounter with an unfamiliar face donning an Emperor shirt, I met Pete Bejarano, the kind of person who brings people deeper into metal's unexplored nether regions. Besides his involvement with Thrones Of Scorn, a Death Metal turn Black Metal band, he also puts on an Extreme Metal show at UCSD's student run radio station KSDT. As some of the explorations in the dark musical arts pour out over the Old Student Center, people tend to run for cover. Yet, for my self, as newly emerging metal head, Pete proves to be an endless source of scene history and band knowledge.

Rinaldo: What inspired you to come do a radio show like this?
Pete: It's kind of a weird coincidence, I was wearing an Emperor shirt, it seems like I always meet people when I wear my Emperor shirt. I was standing in line for some free tickets and a random student came up to me who introduced her self as Leila. She told me that she was the host of a metal show. I ended up co-hosting. By the time she graduated, I had pretty much taken over the show. And because of the band I m in, I know a lot of people from a lot of bands. Making me the most inside person around here.

R: What s it like doing this show when most of your audience isn t even on the same continent? You told me that most of the people you get emails from are in Australia or Europe.
P: It s definitely weird, and at times depressing. Like when I sit in the DJ booth and realize that there is just hoards and hoards of people going to McDonalds to buy Britney Spears CD s. I know that they are definitely in a whole different culture, a whole different place then where we re at. And I know that the metal scene is so extremely underground, that it s practically non-existent. So I do this show and I get no feed back live, no one calls in to request. When I do get them, it s at odd hours of the night through email, because they are in other countries. I do get some requests from friends in the scene, up in Riverside and LA., but as far as San Diego goes, I m pretty much a stranger, so I guess that s why it s it kind of lonely at times. I keep meeting people though; and if I keep wearing my Emperor shirt something will happen.

Pete Bejarano, bringing people deeper into metal's unexplored nether regions

R: Yet you keep doing this, what do you want to accomplish?
P: You know, honestly, I really don t want to accomplish anything. I would seriously be doing the same thing I am here as I would be if I wasn t here volunteering my time and being a DJ. In fact I used to make fake radio shows to play in my car, (laughs) I would host them with my friends. We d be stupid in the middle of the night, drunk or not, and just doing shows. So I d be doing this wether I was here or not, I just love listening to metal. I ve been in the scene for a couple of years now, so I m not true by any standard. I do listen to jazz, a lot of classical, even some pop here and there. So I m not like some old-school metal head who bought the demo tape of Mayhem when Dead was still singing or anything like that. I do listen to quality metal and I m interested in putting on a show because I used to be a big fan of KSPC in Clairmont. There was a show up there, this guy Ray Spenosa, or Spenosa Ray depending on who you asked, that did a metal show like mine. Extremely underground, quality black and death metal that other shows that wouldn t play. There would be one guy who lived on a hill way far away from where the station would broadcast, that could sort of receive. He would tape those shows [Ray s], and those taps would circulate for years, and that was how we found out about new bands. That was the only way to hear about new metal bands. You know, there is no forum for that. There are very few ºZines, and ºZines that are around, very few are in to the style that I m in to. As far as web pages, there are a few with some good MP3 s, but unless you have a high speed connection, you get screwed that way. So tapes circulating of metal shows is the way to expose new metal bands. You know I ve got my own band that I shamelessly plug.

R: And what band is that?
P: Thrones of Scorn, we ve been around for the past three years. Started in 97, we were originally pretty Death-y. We were death metal with keyboards. Kind of like FROM THE DEPTHS, that was the closest thing to us. We were getting pretty big playing the LA scene, had a decent response and were tight with that whole group. Pretty much everyone in the band had wanted to go black metal for a while. We were kind of scared to do it because there wasn t anyone who was doing that. We had keyboards, so we thought, might as well. We had a couple of member changes. I was actually playing bass at this point but switched to keyboards and we got a new bassist and guitarist. There was a transition period where we were still playing shows, and got a huge response as a black/death band. We decided to throw away all our old songs, and cut all our shows. We re waiting till we have more songs to release a split EP with STORMBRINGER, a quality black metal local group.

R: It seems like after the early and mid nineties, because death metal started to stagnate over CANNIBAL CORPSE, that when black metal came on to the scene, bands started to incorporate the sound rather quickly. Almost in a backlash, a lot of groups needed a new direction, and it created a need to deal with both parts.
P: Which is why I think you see a lot of really terrible black/death bands out there that try and bridge the gap that aren t taking a stance. The music just suffers. Finding your place out here in America is definitely a different thing in black metal anyway, because a lot of people insist that black metal can only be written by Scandinavian people who have a strong toutonic, hea-

then Aryan tradition or whatever. I think there is something about black metal musically that appeals, is something fresh, something new. It s the reason that NILE [check out Black Seeds of Vengeance and bow down] gets a lot more support then other average metal bands. Their tapping into a different musical approach: the perfect fourth scale, the Olin scales, the modal approach, the harmonies that they are using are musically advanced. In a way they sound a little more, subconsciously I guess, ancient , they resonate with something. I don t know I m talking out of my ass here, something deep within us, that we respond to. If you listen carefully to the music, those harmonies and that style of writing, is what Slayer was tapping into way back in the day, and what set Morbid Angel apart as being more melodic band from other more brutal death contemporaries. So anyone who was leaning towards that more melodic side, as soon as we heard black metal, it was like, This is it. This is where we want to go.

R: Does the racism of some black metal and over all metal scene present a problem for you as a fan?
P: You know what? As for the whole metal thing, I do consider myself to some degree an anti-Christian or a non-Christian, but I m not in any way Satanic. And of course not being white I can t be about white power, white pride . I always listened to music for music sake. If there is any message behind that, what ever the band wants to do with it, that s fine. I m listening to them because of the music, I could care less in all honesty. I love a lot of bands that are blatantly against my race, and I don t care, I am just listening to the music.

R: You were talking about not getting tied down and it seems that the roots of metal were a very iconoclastic removal from labels and insetting in something you enjoy. The underground/hard-core movement seems to be that if you have to many fans, your not metal anymore. If too many people are listening to it, you re not underground anymore. It seems like that could really threaten the metal scene.
P: I think its a paradox. It threatens to destroy it, and it also keeps it going. Every time a band gets established, and starts selling a lot of CD s, then people are going say those guys are sell-outs, lets pick up our own instruments and make it even more extreme. It s this constant exponential growth of extreme that is jut going to keep going. I remember listening to CANNIBAL and DEICIDE back in the day, of course the watershed year, 1992. What album didn t come out then that wasn t influential? And thinking that the beat blasts are the fastest ever, is no way you could get faster. And now you listen to Flo from CRYPTOSY, and bands like GORGASM, LAST DAYS OF HUMANITY, and some of the grind-blast, its ten million times faster. I think there are going to be little things that will make the scene more extreme. You know some bands going to come out with something, everybody s going to copy it, it will get popular, and then some other little band will find something else. It ll just be again, and again, and again you ll see the effect of people extremifying the extreme scene, for lack of a better term.

R: What do you see as the future of metal? A lot of bands are flirting with black metal and gothic tinged sounds. Do you think these and the underground scenes like Doom metal and Goth metal have a future?
P: Pretty much definitely, I think Goth metal will always be a little more popular than the extreme screaming of really, really, really, sonic focused aural hatred that is extreme black and death metal. There are a few that I personally really like, specifically OPETH, they blow me away, they are amazing musicians, and bands like CATATONIA, but there s always going to be a decent market for those sorts of music as long as gothic industrial are around, and I don t see them dying anytime soon. So there is always going to be that cross-over, because the scenes, as much as both sides don t like to admit it, do share a lot in common. The aesthetic of both, is to be dark and to explore the evil dark sides of the psyche and the personality. One is little more romantic, and one is a little more on the hateful side, but I really think that those doom metal bands are definitely not going to die out. I see more doom these days then extreme metal. There is hope for metal, extreme metal anyway. Everybody s always saying a couple years ago, that was the time when the scene was extreme, and now its weakening, everybody s selling out. That s an overstatement, if not completely wrong. There is a new hope for death metal, I ve been talking to a lot of mates

about this, and we think there is new hope for death metal, because death has been pretty repetitive lately, but there are a couple of new bands, specifically Nile, who are blowing open the doors for this new black metal ideology with a definite death metal core. All kinds of creativity everywhere, taping into a different kind of non-satanic-but-non-Christian-heathen image that s really taking off. Especially those natural harmonic minor scales, really influencing the sounds. Also, ANASARCHA(?), form Germany, and FORM THE DEPTHS. Those bands are taking death metal in a new direction with out making it black metal. There are a lot of black/death cross overs that we re seeing right now, but I think death metal will always be around like that. And black metal keeps amazing me with every new release for a lot of underground creative bands, like ABIGOR, DIABOLICAL MASQUERADE, that are just taking it to even crazier weirder places. Where its just really synth and orchestral orientated, and I m actually pretty excited about that. Then there are bands like mine, THRONES OF SCORN, who trying to be really brutal black metal, that brings in a slight tinge a death, but is mostly taking straight ahead black metal in a new. Trying to push the boundaries, do something that no one else has done. As long as people are doing that, I don t think metal has any fear of going away.

R: It seems like every couple of years metal gets stamped as dead.
P: People keep saying the same thing about rock!

R: Which makes it bad to say metal is completely different from the rest of rock music in a fundamental way.
P: You accent on the 2 and the 4, and the beat. Its the same style of music, I don t care, using the same instruments, two guitars, a bass, a singer and drums. And although we ve got the whole synth thing going, the same thing happened with new wave rock in the 80 s. People were saying, this is something different, this isn t rock.

R: How does some one go about getting more in to the metal scene? To find out about new bands. If you look to the Internet there are just so many that it s overwhelming.
P: That s a really good question, and I don t think I have an answer for that. Personally, I got lucky because I was in another project with my current drummer which was a kind of Rage Against The Machine type thing. We did metal accompaniment for a Rap project, when I got offered a position as a bassits for Thrones. So I checked it out, it was something I had never heard before. Completely different. I liked it but I was confused by it. So I just started hangin out with the band and getting recommendations from them. So I would get in to it that way, but it seems like there are always certain bench mark bands that will lead you to other ones. It seems like everyone gets in to black metal through DISSECTION and EMPEROR, the two big bands. Everyone gets in to death metal through CANNIBAL CORPSE, DEICIDE, MORBID ANGEL. Those are the three bands that lead you down that path. Once you get more underground, more extreme then those introductory bands, you get inundated with flow from everywhere. You just have to pick through it, it takes some dedication, and lots of time. But if your excited by it, and like the sounds, then I m pretty sure you re not going to give up. You re eventually going to find something that clicks with

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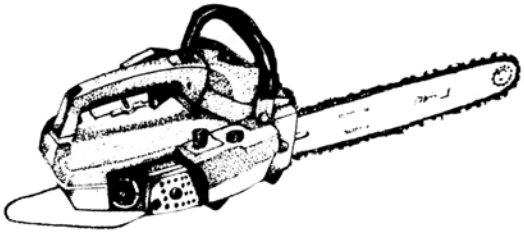

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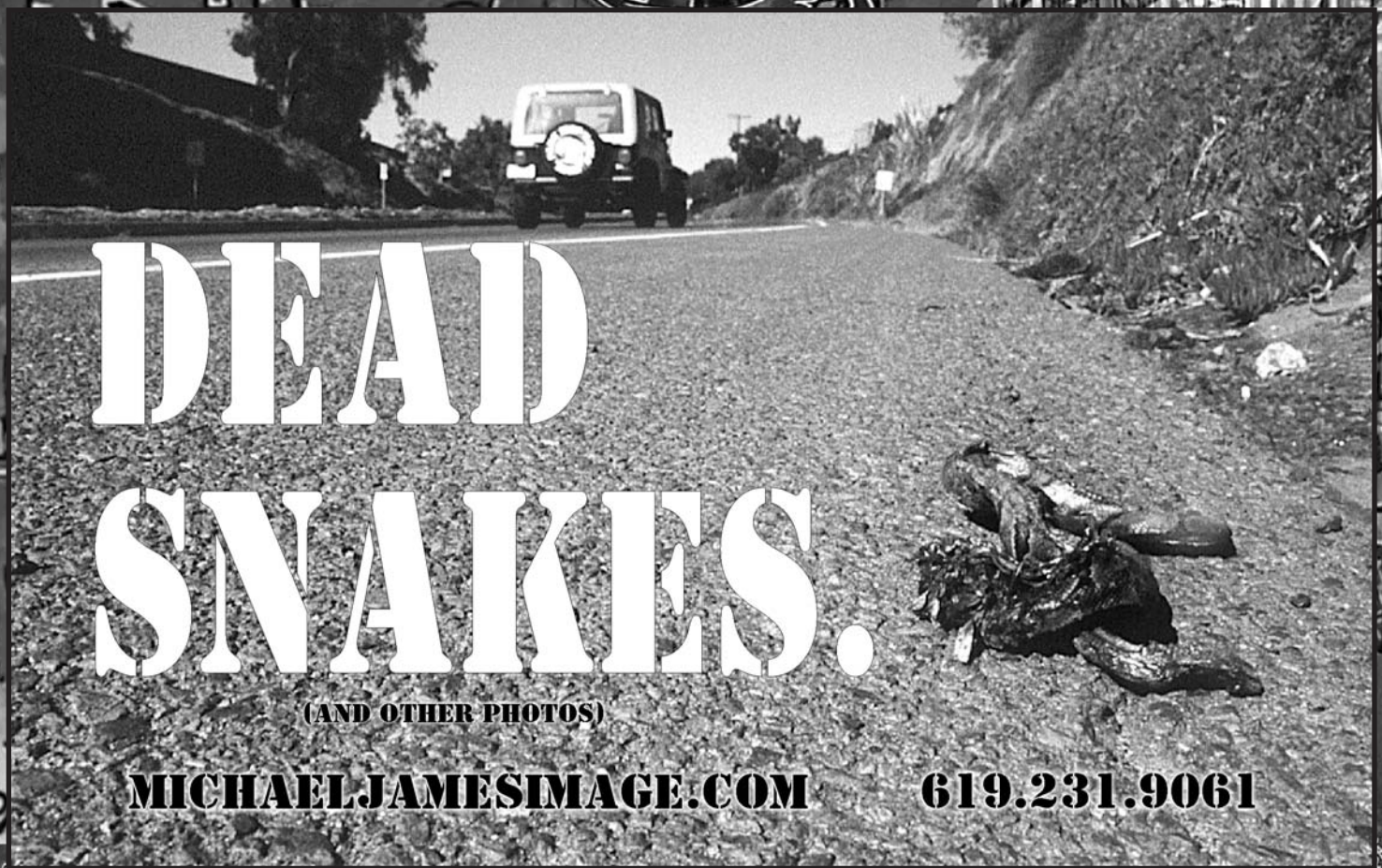


DEAD SNAKES.

(AND OTHER PHOTOS)

MICHAELJAMESIMAGE.COM 619.231.9061

Defeating DVD Protection

With technology being pumped into the veins of America, sometime we find certain privileges skipped. Most media is copyrighted and the duplication or reproduction for non-personal use is strictly prohibited. That's understood, if that weren't a law, entertainment wouldn't make money. You DO have the right to make a personal copy(s) of said material for your personal and private use, i.e. if you taped the Super Bowl you could legally watch it from home, but couldn't bring the tape to your bar and play it for patrons, hence the copyright factor.

So, with the basic law regarding media burned in brain, we turn to the latest form of home entertainment: DVD's. Standing for Digital Video Disc, DVD's have flooded the market in the past two years with current and re-release of movies, and television series (like Xfiles and Southpark). The advantages of DVD's pure digital audio and video, which the latter equals about 6x the quality of a typical VHS tape. Unfortunately, what the purchaser of these DVD disc's loses is his/her right to make a copy/backup of the DVD. If the disc loses quality due to scratch's, or becomes damaged or destroyed, you're forced to cut your loses and repurchase it. That's fucked up.

A copy can be made of any audio CD (although record companies have come up with a disc that doesn't work in computers (and most car stereos, incidentally) therefore eliminating computerized copies and MP3's) with my cassette deck or my computers CDR Burner drive, and same goes with tapes (if people still use those). Although a DVD disc shares the same size, it's density is more then 5x a typical CD, ranging from 4-10 Gigabytes (4-10,000Megabytes.). Today I feature a simplified guide on how to copy your DVD, making a Video CD (VCD) that is viewable on all computers about 75% of home DVD players. The hardware listed below is a minimum: the better you have, the less time it will take. Today, we will be backuping up my scratched up copy of Pi, which is a GREAT movie, by the way.

This tutorial will work for most disc's, but there are exceptions. Thanks to Crowz for use of his tutorial.

Software Needed:

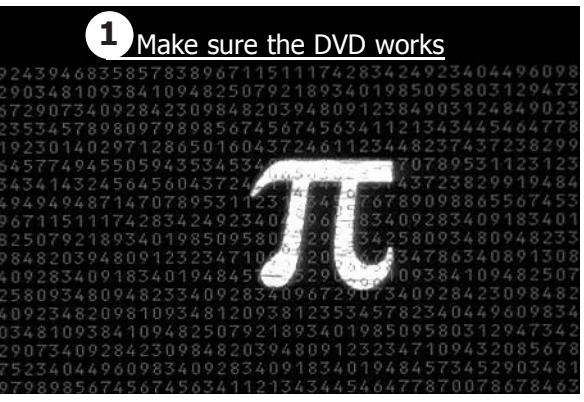
DVD Decrypter - http://www.flexion.org/
DVD2AVI - http://hiroko.ee.ntu.edu.tw/
TMPGenc - http://www.tmpgenc.com/
VCDCutter - http://www.islandia.is/~junglizt/5.htm
NERO - http://www.ahead.de/en/index2.htm
Media Player - http://www.microsoft.com

Hardware Needed:

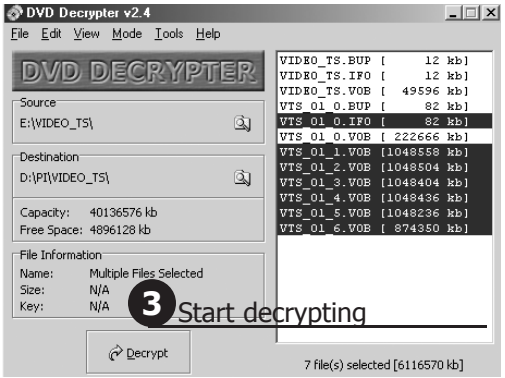
Pentium II+ system
96 RAM
5+ Gig's HD space
4x+ DVD Drive
2x+ CDR Drive

Reference Websites:

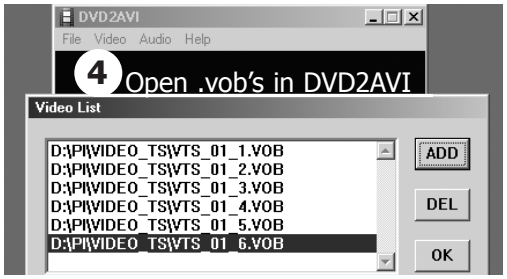
www.vcdhelp.com
www.doom9.org



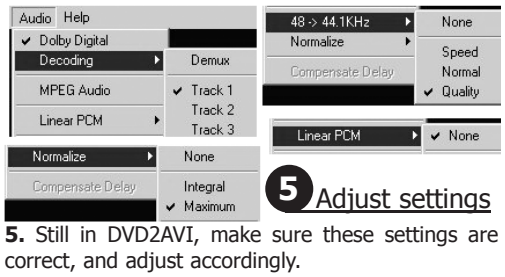
2. Load up DVD Decrypter, and select where you want to put the ripped files. Go to Tools/Settings menu and make sure 'Remove Macrovision Protection', 'Multi-Angle Processing' and 'Intelligent Key Search' are checked. Click OK.



3. Still in DVD Decrypter, make sure your screen looks similar to mine. It should pick out the files to rip from the DVD, so don't select any yourself. Click Decrypt. This will take anywhere from 5-55 minutes.

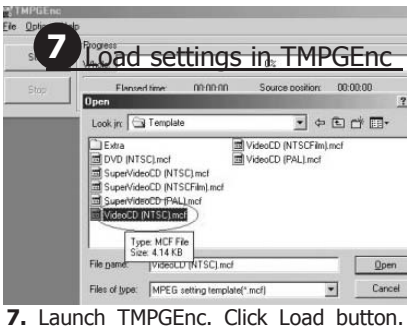


4. Open DVD2AVI. Go to File/Open menu and select the lowest number .VOB. Then add the rest in the correct order, like above.

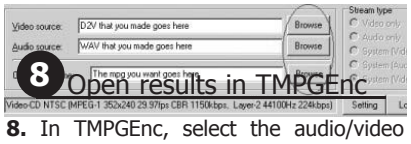


5. Still in DVD2AVI, make sure these settings are correct, and adjust accordingly.

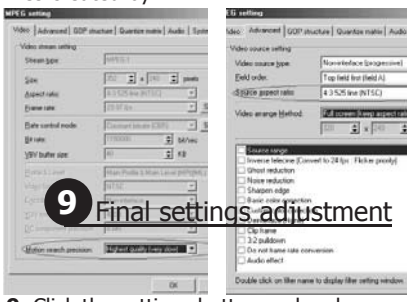
6. Press F5 to start the movie, and write down the ratio # in stats window. Hit ESC to stop movie and use the marks to select what to capture. Go 'File'/'Save Projec't. This will take 2-6 hours.



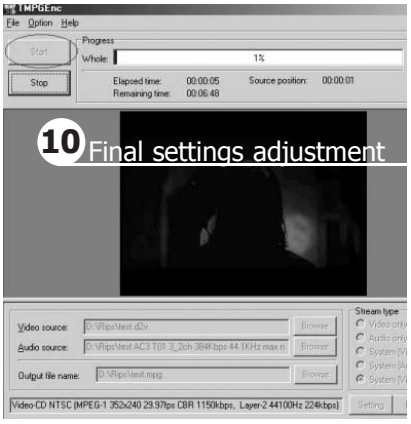
7. Launch TMPGEnc. Click Load button. Open the VideoCD (NTSC).mcf template.


8 Open results in TMPGEnc
Video source: D2V that you made goes here
Audio source: WAV that you made goes here
Browse
Video-CD NTSC (MPEG-1 352x240 29.97fps CBR 1150kbps, Layer-2 44100Hz 224kbps)
Setting

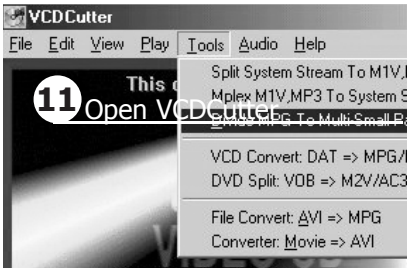
8. In TMPGEnc, select the audio/video files created by DVD2AVI.



9. Click the settings button and make sure the pictures above match your settings. Make sure you put the correct aspect ratio (from step #6) in the settings. Click OK.



10. Almost finished. Click start, and the program will begin. This is really the final big step, and will take anywhere from 5-50 hours, depending on the movie and your hardware. So, before you begin, plan on not using the computer for a while.


VCDCutter
File Edit View Play Tools Audio Help
11 Open VCDCutter
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Converter: Movie => AVI

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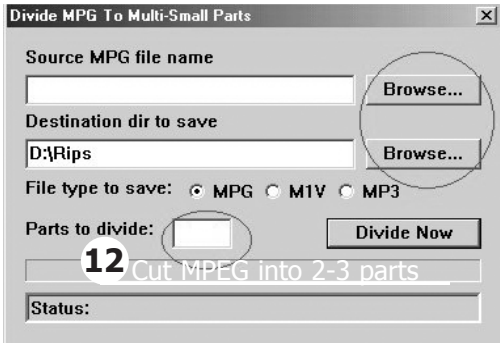
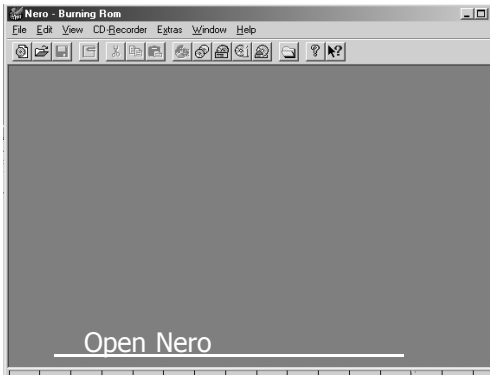
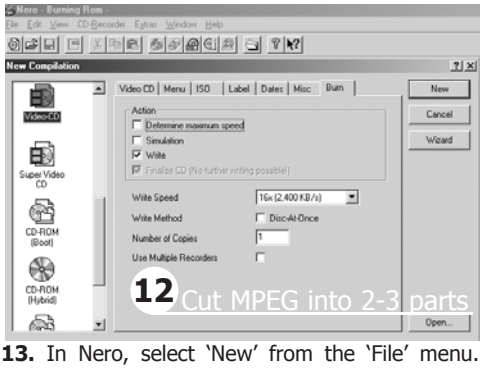
11. Launch VCD-Cutter, select 'Tools' menu, and Divide MPG to Multi-Small Parts'

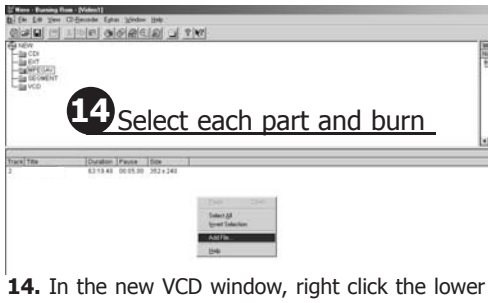


12. Using Browse select the MPG you just encoded, select your destination for the final mpgs, then decide if you need 2 or 3 parts, depending on the size of the movie, each part can be up to 80mins. This, of course, assumes you have a CD burner that can burn 80 minute CD's (most can, check your drive's manual) and you have 80min CDR media, or at least 74min media that can be overburned to 80min. Click 'Divide Now'.

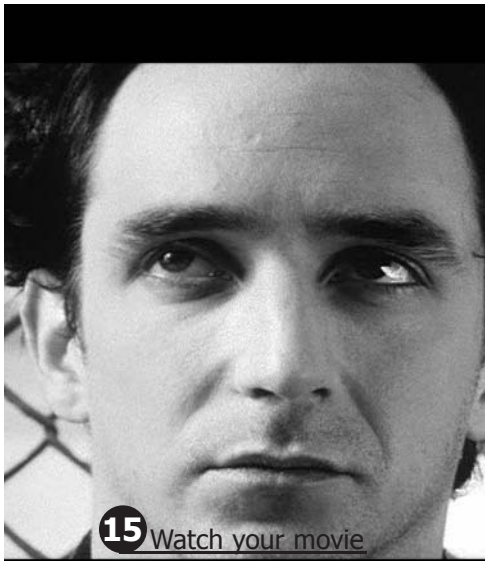




13. In Nero, select 'New' from the 'File' menu. Scroll down to Video CD. Click the 'New' button.



14. In the new VCD window, right click the lower window and select the mpeg (the first one of the two you just split). Nero will convert and create subdirectories for you so it will be recognized by your DVD player, so when it finishes, click the 'Burn' button to start. Repeat with the second (and possibly third, if your movie was large enough for the need to split into that many parts (most fit on two CD's). Once it's finished burning, check to see that the disc works in your DVD player. If opening 'manually' on your computer (which you don't need a DVD drive to read), select the '.DAT' file in the MPEG folder on your new CD. Congratulations!



Now that you have the knowledge to create backup's of your DVD's, you can 'customize' the process to your desire. For example, CDR media quality greatly differs. Shitty media can be more prone to scratchs, bad burns, quality loss, and a shorter life span. If you'd like to have a color cover for the case and you lost or can't scan your own covers, there are many sites on the web that cater to that. Search on the web for 'DVD covers'. **End.**

For video game fanatics everywhere, the dates May 17-19, 2001 have a special meaning. Some would say it had a historical meaning. During those days, the E3 convention touched down at the Los Angeles Convention Center. Known as the Electronic Entertainment Expo, this 3 day event showcases all the latest console and computer games coming for the rest of the year. Aside from that, however, this year's expo was historical because of the arrival of both the Microsoft XBox and the Nintendo Gamecube, both in playable forms. While the event is closed to the general public, it is open to those working in the video game industry and the media. Good thing I'm a member of both. Otherwise, this lil synopsis wouldn't exist.

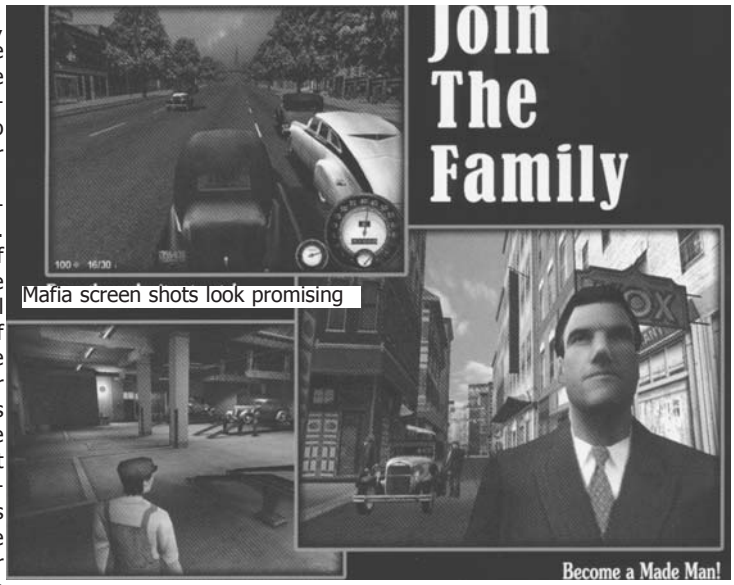
Day 0 (May 16) - The big announcements of E3 actually happened the day before. Microsoft announced that their XBox would retail for $299 and be released on November 8. The games would retail for $50 and there would be close to 20 titles for launch. Unfortunately, there would be only 600,000-800,000 units hitting the street opening day and Microsoft projects that it would be able to have 1.5 million units sold by the end of the year. Hopefully, they won't have to go through what Sony went through with their PS2 shortages. Meanwhile, Nintendo announced that their system, the Gamecube, would be launching November 5 for a retail price of $199. The games would go for $50 and at least 10 titles would be available for launch, with about 5 coming from Nintendo. Whe they stated that there would be 2.5 million units by the end of the year, they didn't say how many were coming for opening day. Finally, Sony had their big press conference and announced that their fabled harddrive and ethernet modem would finally become a reality in November. The modem and 8GB hard drive would come out for a retail of $39.99.

Observed by: DumlaoX

Day 1 (May 17) - The opening day of E3 for the public. After securing a badge holder while my friends were getting their badges done, I waited with the masses for the yellow tape to be broken before entering the game halls. Overall, there are 3 halls full of exhibitors. South Hall was home to most of the 3rd party developers and the XBox, West Hall housed the Big 3 companies (Sega, Sony, Nintendo), and Kentia Hall housed the PC hardware vendors and the Korean PC game companies (where PC gaming is a bigger phenomenon than console gaming). When the doors opened, we headed South Hall to the Midway booth first, where they had movie-theater seats for a big screen showing all their latest games, including NFL Blitz 2002, Spy Hunter, and NHL Hitz. We then hit the SquareSoft booth where the outside kiosks had playable Final Fantasy 10 demos and a theater showing off other games. While they did ban me from taking pics (the one I took was smuggled in before they stopped me), I did get a press kit, though it would have been easier to get in if I had an actual press pass instead of an exhibitors only pass from my other job (Note to self: marijuana effects the memory - ed.). A few more companies like Rockstar and Infogrames were hit for their press kits and other free stuff, including bags, pins, tattoos, and a rocket from Rockstar. The id booth was next where they had gorgeous booth babes in army gear showing off Return to Castle Wolfenstein. Unfortunately, since the palce had a huge crowd, I couldn't take a pic of them ('tsk).

The Akira DVD set is coming this summer

Squaresoft has their handsfull games like FF10 and FF the Movie



Mafia screen shots look promising

Activision was up next, displaying both movie props and the playable demo of Spider-Man - The Movie. They also has the teaser trailer playing, showing off the Spider-Man costume for the first time. While their demos of Weakest Link were nice (complete with a digital Anne Robinson, host of the game show), the biggest draw at their booth was Tony Hawk's Pro Skater 3. While people crowded that booth to play it, everyone else watched as the Hawk himself tore it up at the indoor skate ramp. While Blizzard showed off Warcraft 3 and Konami showed off Silent Hill 2 and Metal Gear Solid 2, Capcom impressed with Devil May Cry and Capcom Vs. SNK 2. After eating some expensive and very overpriced food (water cost $2.75), we hit XBox. First off, the controller is big. This one definitly isn't meant for kids' hands. To get a better idea of the size of the thing, take a Dreamcast controller and make it a bit wider and fatter. As for the features, it's basically a hybrid of a Dreamcast and PS2 controller with 2 extra buttons to it. It was big, but it felt alright. As for the games, overall they definitly impressed, though it wasn't the biggest step we expected from Microsoft themselves. Halo was choppy, but it did look good and was good to play. Munch's Oddysee was definitly the game to play at the XBox booth, showing off just how good the game is on the hardware. NFL Fever 2002, however, just wasn't uto snuff. In fact, it's only about as good as NFL QB Club, which isn't a good sign for an earlygame.Still, it looks like Microsoft did it's homework and is on the way to making a good game system. Hopefully it won't stumble along the way.

grand theft auto III

GTA 3 in it's new 3D world looks great

Sega is gearing up for the software fight

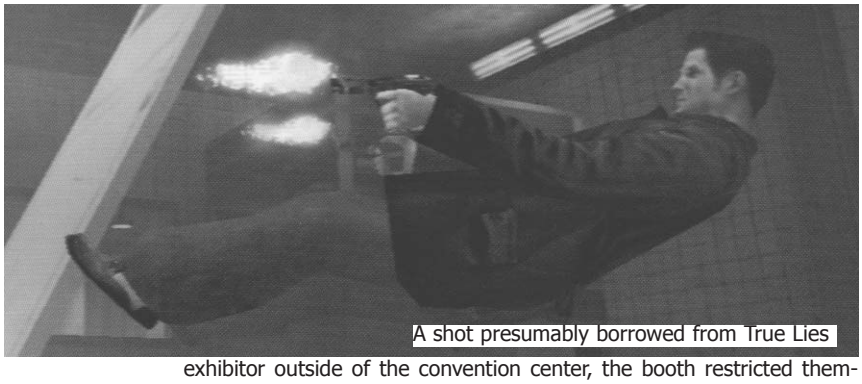
Day 2 (May 18) - For some odd reason, Sega was closed off to the public. After much convincing, however, I got in to see their booth. With the exception of the NHL and NCAA 2K2 titles, everything was playable and looking damn good. Now that Sega has implmented their 3rd part plan, every system is getting some good gaming, with the Dreamcast definitly gettng a barrage of kick ass games for it's last year. The Sony booth was also impressive, though more of a mixed bag than anything else. Games like Twisted Metal Black, Gran Turismo 3, and Klonoa 2 were easily ones you have to get when they finally hit stores. Their total package, from graphics to sound to control, were all top notch. However, some of the PC ports like Tribes 2, No One Lives

E3 DIARIES

Forever, and Rune, while all great PC games, didn't seem to have the same wow factor on PS2. The system had lots of games to show off but the more games available for the system, the more likely it is there would be fewer gems on the pile. As for Nintendo, it was always busy and with good reason. Almost all of the games on the Game BoyAdvance were hot, especially Chu Chu Rocket and Tony Hawk 2. However, the star of the booth was the Gamecube. First off, the system itself is small. Really small. Look at a 50-pack spindle of blank CDs and you have a rough idea of how big it really is. As for the controller, it feels exactly like a PS2 controller, though the button sizes and placement need work. The games shown were basically an assortment of old franchises with a few new surprises. Super Smash Bros. Melee and Rogue Squadron 2 were definitly big hits of the show while Luigi's Mansion, Starfox Adventures, and NBA Courtside 3 took in their watchers. Phantasy Star Online was a surprise to see on Gamecube, especially since it'll be based on Version 2 coming to Dreamcast this July. The real sleeper hit, though, was Pinkim. Small, cute, and unique, this game was definitly getting a big buzz.

Max Payne lookin for trouble

Day 3 (May 19) - Not much of a change over the past 2 days. Aside from trying to get more contacts and more free goods (keychains, CDs, etc.), there was one more booth left to visit: GodGames. The only exhibitor outside of the convention center, the booth restricted themselves to those 21 or over. After being carded and given straps by transvestite schoolgirls, you basically entered a party. Aside from playable demos of Myth 2 - Green Berets and Max Payne, there was a video wall of trailers for upcoming games and the women of GodGames. Bawls Guarana and Bud Light was given out freely, as was the blue condoms from Elsa hardware. Finally after much playing and hobnobbing with industry people, it was all over. Tired, beat, but happy. Aside from all the goods scored, I actually got a free game out if it all: WWF With Authority for the PC (review coming shortly). Benefits - Meeting up with Chuck "The Iceman" Liddell and Tito Ortiz of UFC fame. Man, those guys are huge. The free swag and big contests. Regrets - I missed both Lita and Kurt Angle of the WWF. Damn those long lines. Also missed out on some good press kits. Got my ass kicked in an Unreal Tournament contest (note to self: practice playing more FPS games.) Also regret not winning a Game Boy Advance. Oh the envy that woulda gotten me.



A shot presumably borrowed from True Lies

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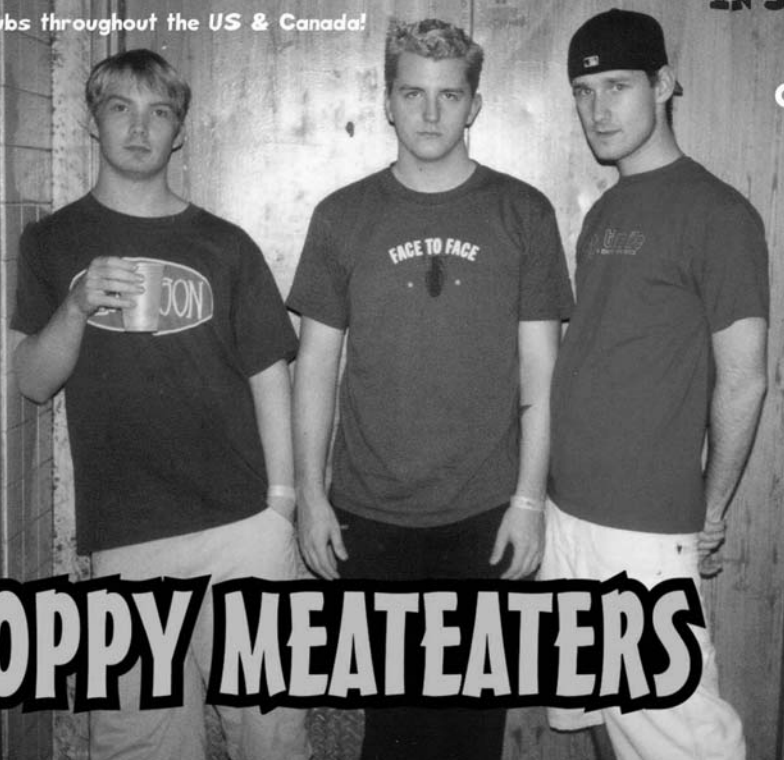

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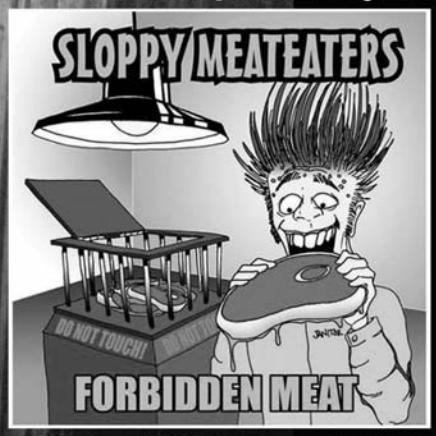

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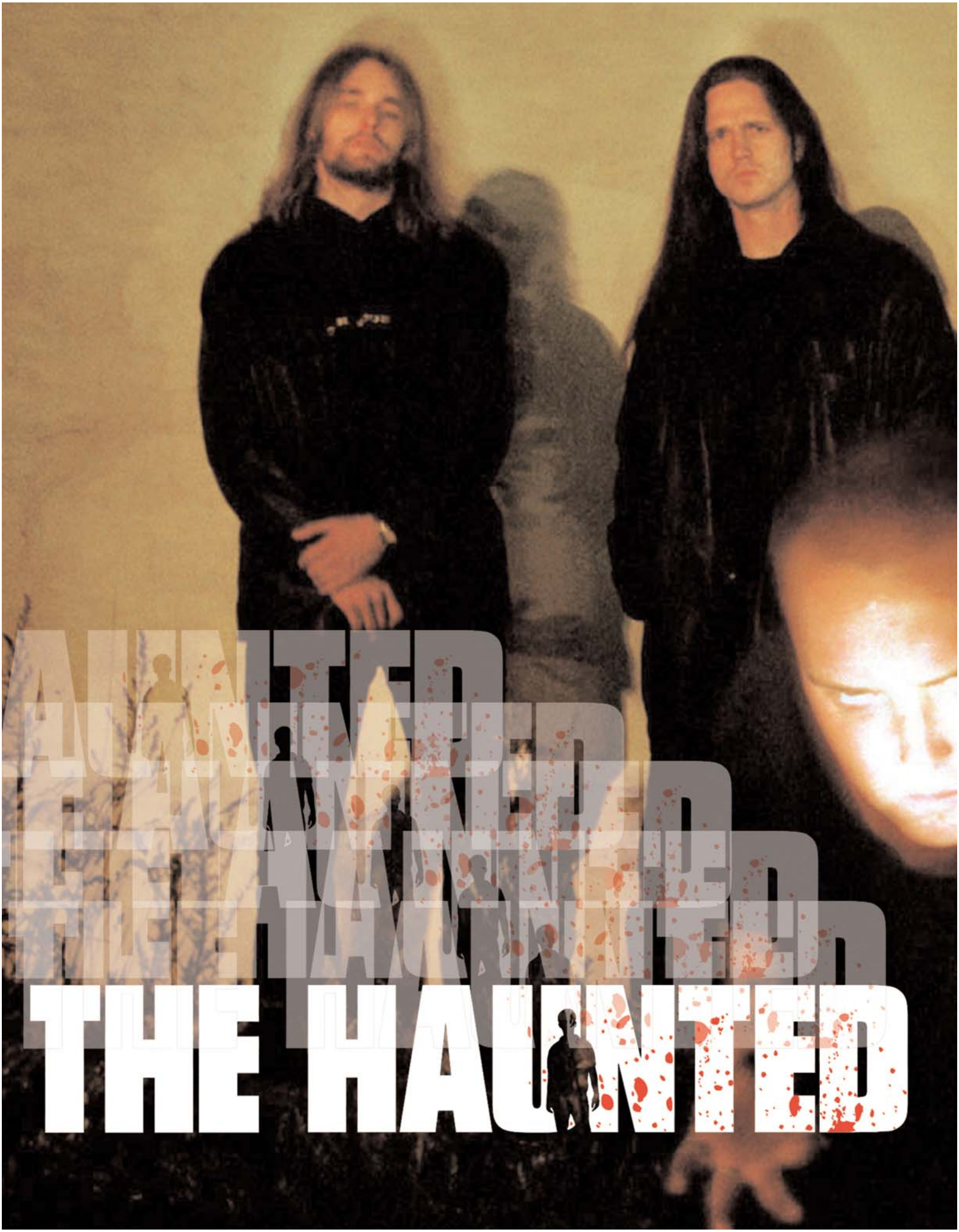

THE HAUNTED

A Telephone Conversation with The Haunted's Per M. Jensen
by: DICK

That's what I was waiting to have. Technically, it's an interview with Per, but somehow phones don't lend themselves to an interview. Of course, I don't think the drummer of The Haunted wants to engage in chit-chatty gossip.
"I guarantee it. I saw Mr. Durst and the watermelon with my own eyes!"
"I heard Fred was into fruit, but the most I ever heard of anyone cramming up their rectum was three guava and a mango! So, anyway, how's the family?"
No, he wouldn't go for that. I'll have to steer the conversation towards something more appropriate for publication. Something the fans of The Haunted would like to read. I assume fans of The Haunted like tales of Extreme Rectal Sports as much as the next bunch of guys, but let's make a point to this thing.
Somehow the phone interview always seems easier than the whole face to face procedure. Eye contact is lacking, but there are no record label shitheads to deal with in the process. Record label shitheads who want to know who you are, who you are there for, who sent you, and if you will please wait while they call upstairs and make sure you're not some sinister terrorist from Sony bent on corporate sabotage? Of course they always find out I am not a terrorist from Sony or Capital or EMI, but rather only a lowly music critic for Modern Fix who also happens to be bent on corporate sabotage, but not in any way that could provoke true terror. What's some bubble gum jamming up the elevator button to go to floor five, to a bigwig executive up on twelve? Nothing by god, except what's keeping that secretary with the inter-office memo for Christ's sake?!
Oh shit! There goes the phone. Time to do this thing.

Anders Bjorler

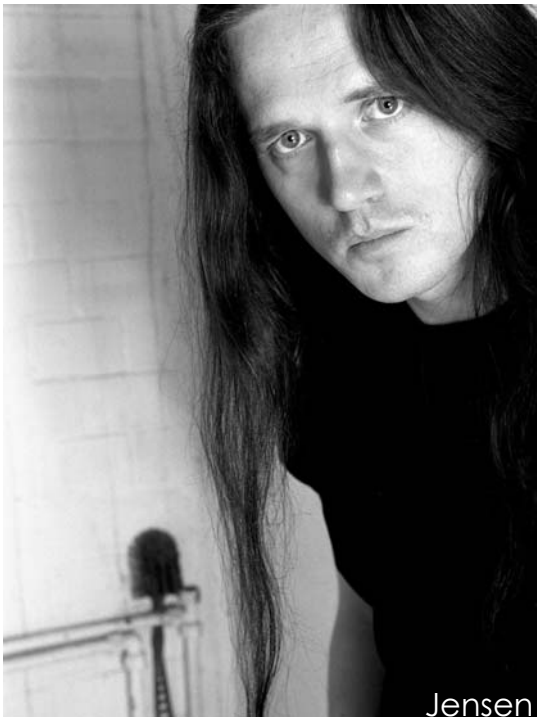
Modern Fix (MF): Hey, how are you?
Per Jensen: I'm all right.

MF: Cool, I saw your show here in L.A. How did the North American tour go?
PJ: It was really good, a lot of people at the shows. L.A. was one of the highlights of the tour because of the venue itself, a very nice place. It was a really good show in L.A.

(Per of course is talking about The Palace, because we all know the other 'P' venue is the sorriest excuse for a live venue in Hollywood) - editor

MF: Was this your first outing with The Haunted?
PJ: No, we were in North America before, but this tour was quite a lot bigger because of the greater diversity in the billing with like four different styles of music in one package so, of course, that's going to attract a lot more people. I always enjoy going to the states. It's always good.

Marco Aro


Jensen

Per MolleJensen

Jonas Bjorler

MF: What were the touring conditions for you guys? Do they just throw you all in one bus?
PJ: We shared a bus with the first supporting act, Lamb of God. It was a little crammed up but we managed though. It was pretty tiny this time around. The only kind of relief you could have was to go into your bunk, into your bed and stay there until you came to a venue. It could be a little annoying in the long run because the bus was not particularly huge.

(NOTE: 5 members in The Haunted + 4 Lamb of God = 9 men and a driver)

MF: So those were the living conditions? The bus was your home?
PJ: Yeah that's how it is. Once in awhile we'll have a day room if we haven't showered in a few days. That's the big difference between Europe and the States. In Europe they usually have showers at the venue and in the states they almost never have. The hygiene is not top priority, you could easily say that.

MF: I imagine it gets pretty funky. I doubt they have laundry service.
PJ: That's something we have to take care of too. We usually do laundry once on a tour. Like I said, the hygiene is not the best on a bus like that, and if one guy gets sick, the whole bus is sick a couple days after. That's the thing you can count on, you go on tour, you're gonna get sick. A couple days into the second week you start getting the flu, but those are just the conditions. That's how it always is. Especially in the States where you tend to crank up you're A.C.'s so ridiculously high. It's not like a breeze it's more like a small storm in your bunk every night. That totally takes me out. In Sweden we don't have A.C. so we're not use to that.

MF: Were there any problems with the bus or security at the venues?
PJ: Security at the venues? No, I didn't see any problems this time around. There may be some violent securities once in awhile. I've seen a lot of shit happen. People who don't get the idea why they're there. They don't know people are there to have a good time. They're just there to beat somebody up or something, but this time around it was pretty good.

MF: How about fans? Do you get much time to talk to fans after the shows?
PJ: I always try to go out after the show and meet up with people. If you're in a band, people like appreciate what you do. I mean, it's the least you can do is to go out there meet people, show them you're just a regular guy, you know? That we're on the same level as the audience. We're not about trying to be fucking rock stars.

MF: In Sweden you won the best hard rock Grammy, right? What does that mean to you?
PJ: I think it means a lot more to people around the band than to the actual members of the band. Personally, I haven't even seen the Grammy. I don't know what it looks like. We were on tour when the Grammy awards were held. We were on tour in Hamburg or something when we got the information. It was pretty cool. We had a good night. We had a little party there. People got a little too drunk on stage, but that's what happens. We didn't expect to win that one at all. We were nominated with Hammer Fall and Hammer Fall sells a lot more albums than we do. I don't know how it works in that states, but usually around here, Sweden, Denmark, if you're nominated for a Grammy you can count on the band with the biggest label, the band that sells the most records, is always going to win the Grammy, but this time was like the exception to the rule.

> It's like the whole fucking record industry meet up once a year and lick each other's asses...

MF: It works the same here. It's a popularity contest.
PJ: It's like the whole fucking record industry meet up once a year and lick each other's asses, but this time around I think everyone got a big, big surprise that we actually won that one.

MF: It's really cool that they awarded it to you guys.
PJ: Definitely. We've seen a big difference here in Sweden press-wise. All the magazines and all the newspapers that didn't give a shit about The Haunted a couple months ago all suddenly start calling us all the time. That's good for the publicity of the band, but it also shows how fake the whole fucking music industry is.

MF: But it is a good achievement. Who are some drummers you look up to?
PJ: If we're talking metal, I totally grew up with Slayer and Exodus. Obviously thrash metal wise my two major influences are Tom Hunting and Dave Lombardo. That's the two drummers who probably shaped my playing and still are. I still enjoy listening to each drummer. But I listen to a lot of jazz here at home: Coltrane and a lot of sixties jazz music where you can find some really fine drummers. So to name names: Tom Hunting, Dave Lombardo, Elvin Jones, Tony Williams. Those four drummers are probably my biggest influences and, of course, Gene Hoglan. I discovered him a little later in the late eighties with Dark Angel. Gene Hoglan is incredible.

MF: He's impressive.
PJ: And a very nice guy too. I really have high respect for Gene. Awesome.

MF: What do you hope to accomplish with The Haunted in the future? What's the impetus behind the drive to create more and tour more and play more?
PJ: Once you start it at an early age, playing music, it's just there. I don't think it's gonna disappear. You just have that... urge, and the interest in music itself. It's hard to really lay out in words. It just sticks with you. Music will always be there for me whether it's going to be metal or whatever. I choose to play metal since it's the most fun to play. I have a lot of aggressions in me and metal is definitely the ultimate way to get some of that shit out of the system. Nothing comes close to playing a metal show. It's all the craziness and the whole vibe around it. It's just something you can't escape from once you've been caught in it.

MF: So it's like therapy for you in a way then?
PJ: It is like some sort of therapy. Especially playing the drums since it's a very physical instrument. I definitely get relief from playing the shows and recording. I mean, there's a huge difference between playing shows and recording albums. Recording albums is like a statement. Something that's going to last. Something you're going to have to live with for many years to come.

MF: I wanted to ask you about the art work in the album. Particularly the receipt on the back cover from the Guns and Supply store. Who came up with that?
PJ: Funny that you mention that because I'm very proud of that one too. The guy who did the artwork for the album [Andreas "Diaz" Pettersson] we more or less gave him free ends because he's a very talented guy. We gave him the title and why we had the title, "The Haunted Made Me Do It," and he sort of came up with the whole artwork. He's a very talented guy and I'm very happy with it. It's very cynical, but it does somehow tell the truth too, doesn't it?

MF: It's spooky looking at the purchases of guns, mace, handcuffs and what not all on that one receipt.
PJ: And it's totally like, thank-you, have a nice day, go out and slaughter.

MF: There's not access to guns and military equipment in Sweden like in the U.S.
PJ: That's probably why we're so amazed by the American system because here in Scandinavia nobody owns guns, man. It's like; you don't own a gun here unless you're in a club. If you're in a shooting club you might have some kind of a rifle. Nobody owns a gun around here. It's not a part of the mentality. You don't own guns. You don't need guns to protect yourself either. If the criminal is not going to come to you with a gun then what do you need a gun for?

MF: I wish it was the same here in the U.S. I really do.
PJ: Yeah, I wish too because you hear all this fucking shit happening like every other week some kid pulls a gun from his mother's purse and pulls the trigger and kills somebody. Just once is too much. Just one life wasted like that is too much. For us, being Scandinavians, it's weird. That's the only way I can put it. It's a weird mentality with all those weapons, you know?

MF: And after shit happens people, the press, look for something to blame besides the easy access to weaponry.
PJ: Over here we kind of laugh at all the trials. Especially the Judas Priest trial. It was hilarious. I couldn't believe it. I heard that even recently Slayer has had some problems too.

MF: Yeah, they have a wrongful death suit against them.
PJ: I'm happy I'm not in any of their shoes. I hope nobody takes our album title like that. A title like that could easily cause a lot of problems if any-

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thing like that were to happen. It's supposed to be a cynical and funny statement. And that's hopefully how people will take it.

MF: So what's next on the agenda for The Haunted?
PJ: We have a lot of festivals especially around here in Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, Belgium. We have quite a lot of shows to take care of during the summer and we're gonna try to write songs in between so hopefully we'll be back in the studio in November or something like that, and then hopefully we'll have something new out by March of next year.

MF: I'm surprised you find the time.
PJ: I'm surprised we haven't started doing something yet. But once you get home from a tour you just need a rest. You need a rest from the other guys in the band too, you know? You got to get your space every once in awhile, keep your distance so you don't get too much bad blood. Basically what it's been for us is touring, coming home, having a rest for a couple weeks and then we're off to somewhere else. We haven't really had the time. We haven't had a practice room either. We haven't had a practice place for half a year now. That's pretty ridiculous isn't it?

MF: Well, yes, a little.
PJ: Winning a Grammy, touring the whole world and we don't even have a practice space. That's how Sweden is. It's pretty tough to get a practice room. We got kicked out of our old one. It's going to be redone into office buildings or whatever. There are so many bands coming out of Gothamberg you really have to struggle to find a practice space.

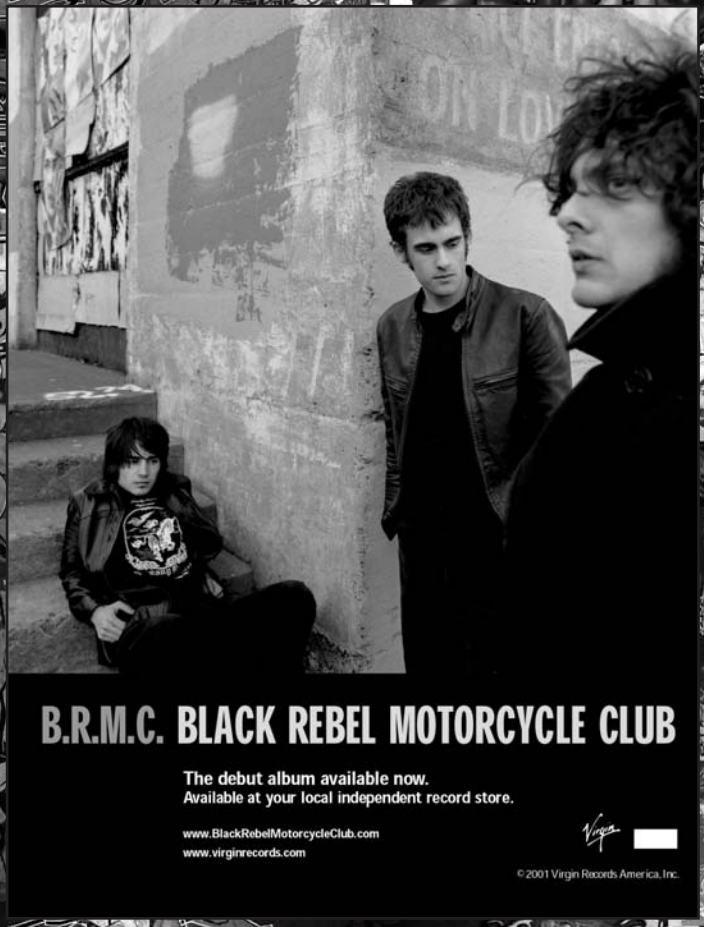
MF: Do you find the people there to be supportive? Are they happy for the band's success?
PJ: Yeah, we had a totally excellent sold out show when we played here last time. We had a very good Swedish tour. We played fourteen shows in fourteen days here in Sweden.

MF: Are there two brothers in the band?
PJ: Yeah, twins.

MF: Oh my. How's that? Is there added friction on tour because they're brothers?
PJ: Oh yeah. It's a typical twin relationship, you know, it's love, hate. They'll have an argument and be about to kill each other one minute and then be the best of friends next. I mean, for me, I enjoy watching them fight you know? They'll fight about anything. They'll always find something to fight about.

MF: Well, sibling rivalries aside, I hope things continue to go well for you and are there any last words you'd like to add?
PJ: Thanks to all the people who came to our shows on the last U.S. tour and hopefully we'll be back very soon to deliver more thrash for the people.

OFFICIAL WEBSITE: www.bigfoot.com/~haunted



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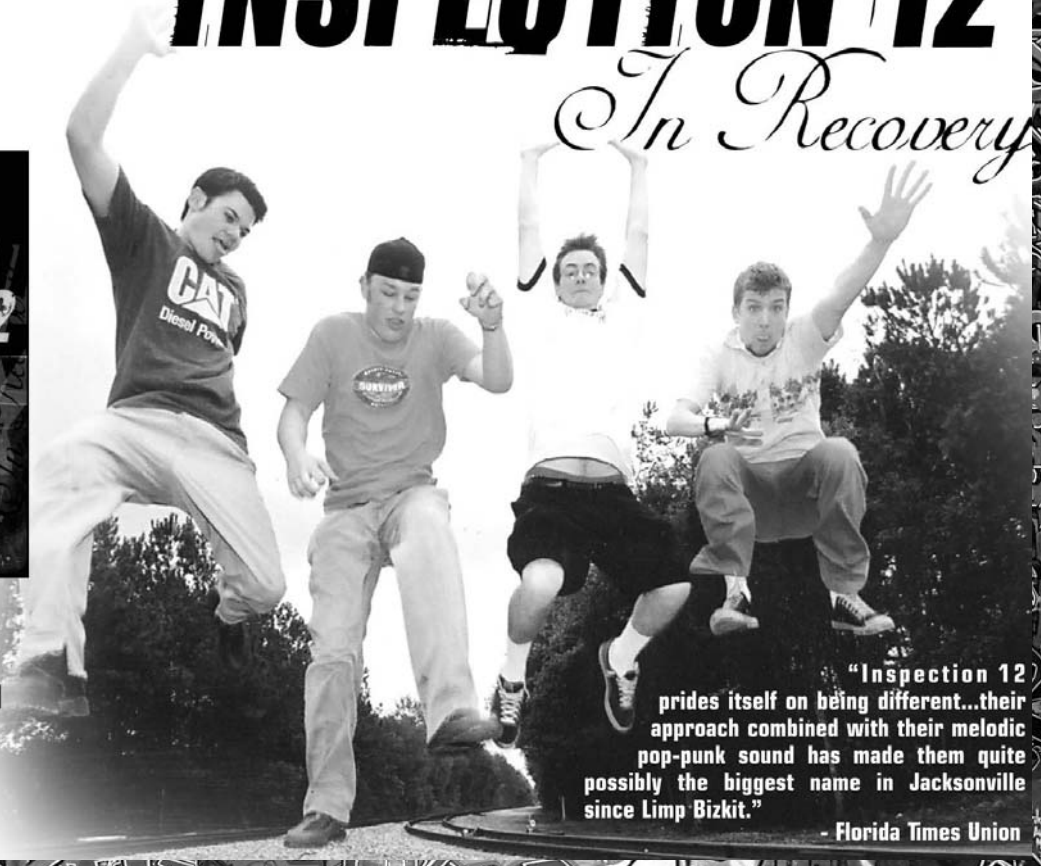

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THE HAUNTED

DIMMU BORGIR

4.24.01 THE PALACE
HOLLYWOOD, CA

Review and photographs: DICK

THE HORROR

It's all stupid. I'm stupid and crazy, an idiot who thinks he's a writer, standing in line with a bunch of other idiots who all either think they're writers or photographers or some kind of journalist for sure but they're all wrong. There I am in line, already writing down the whole mad scene in my head, worried about too many adjectives, where's a good metaphor when I need one? Two drunken Mexicans cut into line in front of me. I let their dumb asses know what they've done, but they're literacy level is in such disrepair and total ill regard that fifty percent of their dialogue consists of the word, "Puta!" repeated over and over like a parrot with turrets. Why care? I let them remain where they are. What's two people more inside before I to me? Nothing. Fucking nothing.

The line is full of dangerous journalists. A feeble red haired jackass with a several hundred dollar Nikon draped over his shoulder tells his friends about how he once pinned a guy down and "bappita, bappita, bappita" mashed his face to pulp. I believe him because he's a big dangerous tough guy. He's the Joe Pesci of journalists, and he tells this story every chance he gets. It's his alpha male routine. Now throw your feces at the other journalists to assert your dominance.

The obviousness of the macho-macho-man death metal fans is sickening. They disgust me and I wish they weren't here and I wish I didn't like the music that they liked. Why the fuck do I want to have anything in common with these self-absorbed, gutter brained misanthropes? Give them "The Poem of Ecstasy." Give them Pushkin. Give them Van Gogh's sunflowers. It's all beyond their understanding, they're narrow worldview that screams, "Fuck you motherfucker!" and maybe "Shut up, cocksucker!" They're all very ready to display their knowledge of Freud. So Oedipal. So homoerotic. Soon I'm on the inside of The Palace. Beautiful place except for all the people. Some total rehashed death crap called Lamb of God is finishing up on the four-foot high stage. They finish, and it's time for Sweden's own, The Haunted. The crowd is restless.

THE HAUNTED

"Allo!" cries the Haunted's huge tattooed singer half way into their rip-roarin' set, "Are there any ladies here tonight?" I guess it's hard to tell from up there on the stage or maybe in Sweden it's customary to ask, just to be sure, since the women do tend towards the hairier side over in Europe.

The Haunted play for the crowd and not to the crowd. They are stripped down, jeans and tee-shirts wearing fellows who hearken back to a day when bone crushing musicianship was enough for a band to get across their messages of anguish, aggression and horror without the use of gallons of Bozo's grease paint. The comparisons between the Haunted's music and Reign in Blood era Slayer made by every music writer out there prove to be apt. I was caught up in some of the head banging rhythms that sadly resulted in many blurry photographs of the floor. As enthralled as I was with the music, I was not won over by new vocalist Marco Aro, and not because he's new either. I've never heard pre-Made Me Do It Haunted. I simply feel the vocal barkings lack passion and daring, but it really is a minor complaint. With the fast double bass kicks, white hot guitar licks and Marco prowling the stage with a passion for prowling not found in the singing, The Haunted are a worthwhile catch and almost worth the irritation their fans will surely cause you.

DIMMU BORGIR

Eerie, beautiful, inspiring flowers blossomed upon the stage next. These wondrous and unique buds are called Dimmu Borgir. Under the dazzling lighting arrangement of ever shifting greens, blues and reds they grow best. Harvested only from the cold regions of Norway, they are hard to come by in America, but worth the wait and price when they are available. I stared upon them in mild awe. Froze them in time through the lens of my camera. They are amazing to behold, but I recommend not getting too close, as these flowers do not have the most pleasant fragrance. Weeks on the road tend to make men stinky and mean. The mean translated well to the stage, and new guitarist Galder, from the equally good, Old Man's Child, infused the stage with menacing lunatic appeal as he bared his fangs and shot savage wide-eyed looks to the audience. Sadly, the flowers closed their pedals against the night all too soon, and with their departure, I departed. I knew deep down that Cannibal Corpse would not beat what I had already witnessed. I left, forever now, Cannibal Corpseless.

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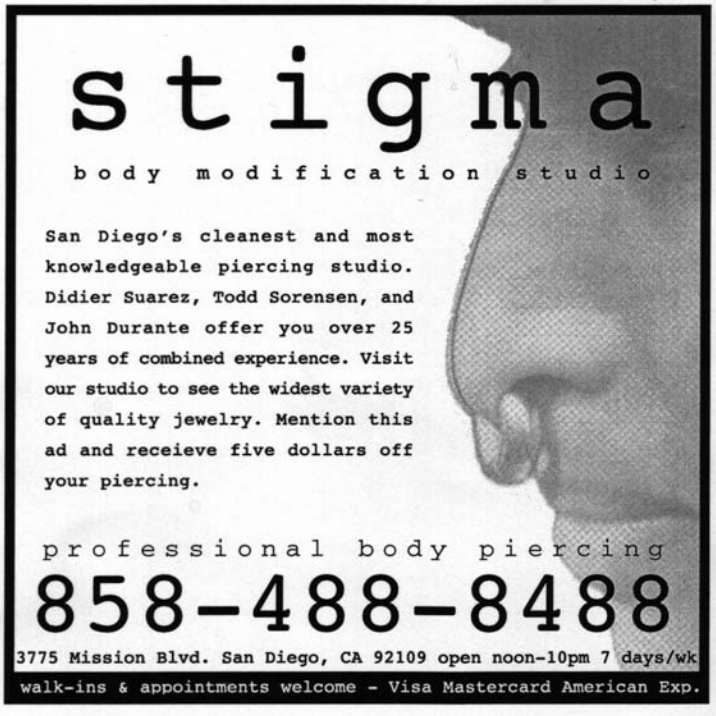
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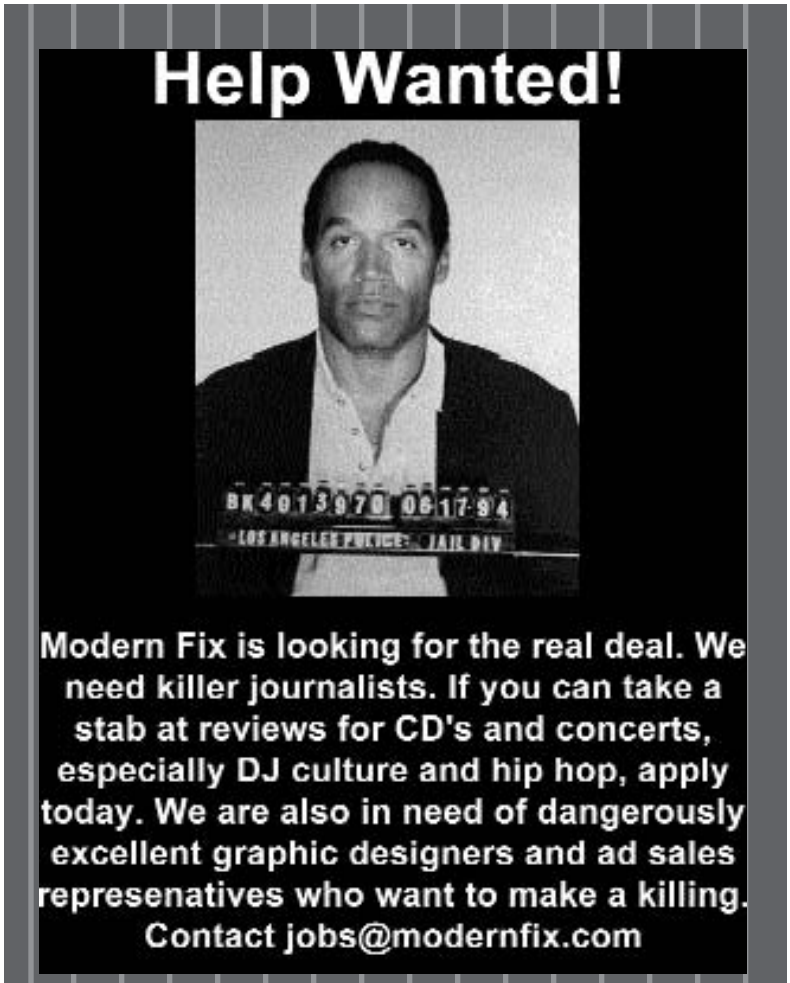
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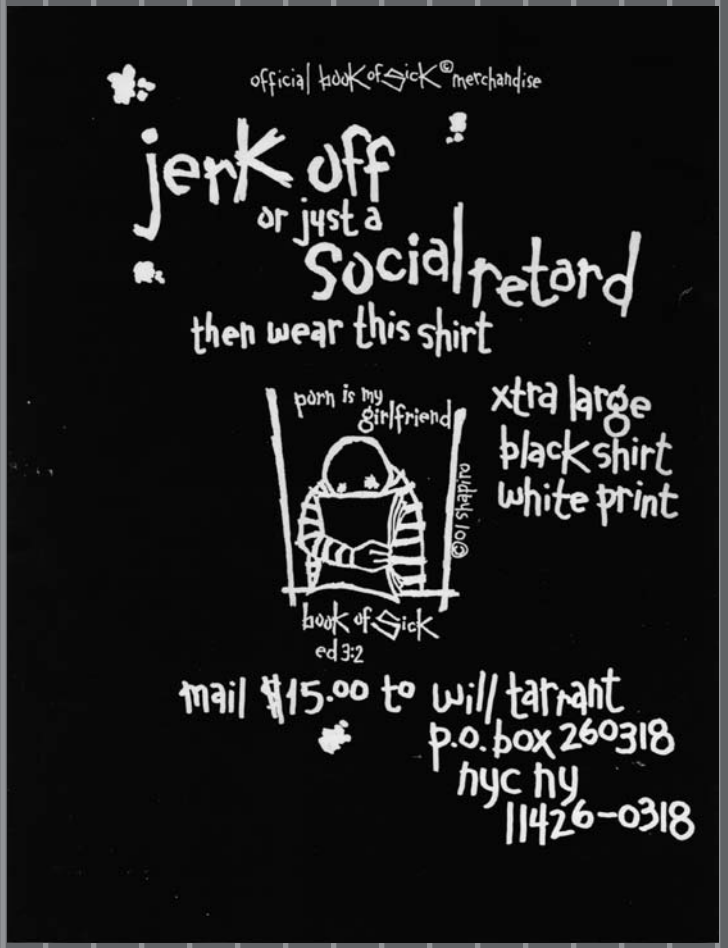
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Fairies Wear Boots

by Richard Ellis
illustrations: Brandon Hunsaker

It started as opportunism, capitalizing on another's mistake.

Not the most decent way to go, but there had been a rough go of it for the past eight months, and I was looking bad. I weighed the day's options, my back to the wall. The options didn't look too good. The best one was to keep leaning against the bricks and trying to come up with better options. A passer-by dropped a dollar bill at my feet without any other gesture or eye contact. But it was deliberate. I saw the intent in his action. Sometimes it happens. A dollar?

I took my new found wealth, all I had, to the nearest convenience store. There wasn't much I could buy. A bag of little chips, more than a dollar. Pre-made white bread sandwiches, ten cents over my allowance. A can, one twelve ounce can of Miller Genuine Draft, however, was only eighty-five cents plus the CA nickel deposit, plus seven cents tax. Still under a buck. I went for the can.

The cashier counted back change to one of two young women. Both the women had long ashen hair and legs that reminded me of how long since I had pressed my cheek to the inside of one. They also made me realize how far from them I truly was, standing there in dirty crazy tatters clutching my single can of beer and dollar. Soon they were done and gone. A soft scent lingered around me in their wake. I took the moment to enjoy it. The cashier, a fat Puerto Rican kid stuffed into his tight blue corporate vest, took my beer, bleeped it with his hand held laser, took my dollar and counted me back my change: "three pennies, a ten, five, and four ones make twenty. Thanks."

"Yeah," I said. For too long I stood in front of him, dumbly stunned. He looked curiously at me. My heart began to pound. Shit! He realizes. You idiot! Do something.

"Anything else?" he asked. It wasn't curiosity with which he looked at me, but annoyance. The fat boy wanted me out of his space. I wanted to oblige.

"A sack. Paper sack," I said. He grabbed a long paper bag, the type for a bottle of wine, from behind him and handed it to me. "Thanks," I added and walked out with my beer in the bag, and nineteen dollars and three cents in my pocket. My heart's rapid hammering eased up as I turned the corner to another street. It completely abated after I cracked open the Miller and let the first cool splash slip down to my empty stomach. Glory be, sometimes, at a moment like that, I could almost believe in God and all sorts of miracles and other crazy shit. From nothing to drink and nineteen dollars. "Nineteen dollars?" I wondered. What to do? I picked a bar without any front windows or exterior markings.

"What's the cheapest?"

"Budweiser," answered the old man behind the bar. He looked upon me gently as ash from his cigarette fell and tumbled down his Hawaiian print shirt. "It's a buck fifty."

"I'll have a Bud," I said pulling two singles from my hip pocket and sliding them across the wood bartop into a little puddle of whisky. The bartender moved youthfully for his age. He snapped the beer up out of the ice and fluidly snapped the cap off on a bottle opener somewhere under the bar. He set it down in front of me. A white froth dome delicately burgeoned forth from the brown glass neck. I sucked it off the top. When he brought the two quarters in change back, I pushed them towards him.

"Thanks," he said, swiping up the quarters and tapping them twice (tick, tick) on the bartop. They got tossed into a fishbowl he had for tips.

There were three others in the bar. It wasn't yet noon. There was a businessman with a whisky on ice and cell phone parked in front of him. He'd pick up the phone, put it down, pick up the whisky, sip a tiny sip, pick up the phone then put them both back down. Another man, black, gray thinned out hair and cauliflower rose nose, sat alone near the television that was mounted to the wall behind the bar. The t.v. was turned down all the way. Some drama with Audey Murphy was unfolding aboard a ship in the Pacific.

"What do you got there? Any Fritos?" asked the old drunk.

"Nope," answered the barkeep, "I have one Doritos and a whole mess of Cheetos, but no Fritos."

"Are there any behind those bags, towards the back?"

The bartender turned the wire rack holding the snacks around to reveal the hidden bags to the barfly. "See? Just a bunch of Cheetos." With no further exchange they both fixed their eyes on the black and white WWII drama.

At a table near the back entrance sat the only woman. A disaster of a woman. I checked the legs wrapped in nylons, and not much to see. Her skirt hem was frayed dangling above her dirty black boots, revealing barely an inch of calf between hem and haw. A heavy green jacket hid her floral pattern blouse. Lipstick was smeared thickly; dry spit formed a white crusty layer over the heavy red glossing. She smoked. Had a gap between her lower teeth as if designed as a rest for that Marlboro. Her eyes were deep, sunken and glassy and her skin jaundiced. It was like a piss stained snowman's head with marble eyes jabbed too far in, three stooges' style. I still had the women from my lucky convenience store in mind, and if I knew one thing, she wasn't a day over seventy. I've never been a very good beggar, and a bad beggar definitely doesn't want to be a chooser. In other words, she'd have to do. I moved on her, pulling up a chair.

It's bad that I was so desperate for sexual contact as to go into a shit reeking alley with this thing, but worse if I had to endure some form of conversation to achieve that contact.

She looked up from her empty glass, smoke listlessly drooling upwards from between her cracked stained teeth. Her tongue darted out like a bundle of sad night crawlers and sloppily moistened her lips. Tar stained fingers pushed the glass towards me, the last ice cube desperately melting away, she worked out a smile, winked and said, "I'll paint your cock red for a vodka lime."

If I had hesitated for a second, I would not have accepted such an offer. Without pause I hopped to, taking the glass to the bartender and ordering a vodka with Rose's lime. I also ordered a shot of Jim and another beer for myself. Before returning I took the shot and washed it down with half the Bud. With the bottle of beer, vodka lime and nine dollars and three cents, I returned to the table. As I was setting the drink down her claw of a hand came out, hooked the glass out of mine and the whole concoction was drained before my eyes. I stood holding my beer in front of me, unsure of what to do.

"Come on," she said, standing and clomping out through the back door. Just before stepping out into the alley, I heard the businessman at the other end of the bar.

"That's no deal! You fuck! You inexcusable jack-off!" I turned. His tiny dead face throbbed like a blinking stop signal. He looked like he wanted to crush the phone in his clenched fist. I went into the alley. The scent of human waste was pungent, almost burning.

She was already on her knees. "Just lean against the wall," she croaked. Shit, I should have finished my beer at the very least. I put my back to the wall; she placed her hands on my hips and violently pushed me back.

"You chose me!" she hissed. "You walked to my table of your own free will and left with me. You chose me."

"Well, I left because you offered, but..." I said.

"Shhh," she silenced me and started to stand. "I'm not a normal woman."

Oh, Christ. This is great. It's bad that I was so desperate for sexual contact as to go into a shit reeking alley with this thing, but worse if I had to endure some form of conversation to achieve that contact.

"I know you're no normal woman," I reaffirmed.

"What I am is a fairy, and fairies award those who are blind to other's imperfections."

"So I get an award?"

"You get three. Three wishes. Anything," said the fairy whore.

"I thought genies gave wishes?"

"There's no such thing as genies, Deary. You're down on your luck. You have been for quite some time," she said. I was getting irritated. I don't enjoy being called "deary," or any other term of affection, by crack whores who perform sexual favors for two dollar and fifty cent vodka drinks. Worse yet, her breath. I had to get her face away from mine. The longer I looked at her the lower the odds on erectile function. I set my hands on her shoulders and started working her back down onto her knees.

"Yeah, yeah. Real astute observance. Okay, first wish, shut up. Second wish, blow me. Third, get the fuck away from me. Now do it in that order!"

She spoke no word. She did it real well. She even got her tongue around to my asshole. I like that. I liked the texture of the brick wall on my ass. This bitch was expert. God, I stared down at her head and in pleasure's intensity the dandruff in her greasy dark hair became stars on the rim of heaven. I dangled over the abyss of space, arched my back and shot strong until empty, but I still felt full. This was no hollow orgasm. It was the orgasm of true love. The crack fairy rose to her feet, smiled awkwardly at me as she wiped her mouth on the sleeve of her threadbare jacket.

"Damn, you really know what you're doing," I said and she gave my balls a soft squeeze. She smiled into my eyes, and for that moment, I saw her as beautiful, as young, as the woman she may have been before the ravages of time and street. You gotta believe me. Then, she turned, and walked down the alley. I zipped up.

"Hey, if you want to go back in for another drink," I said, but she didn't turn, instead she threw off her green jacket, letting it fall to the garbage strewn alley. Then, the blouse came off. Then the wings unfurled. She beat them once, twice, more times. Each consecutive beat was stronger and stirred up more garbage until the alley was a wind tunnel, garbage flying everywhere. The wind she generated was throwing me off balance. Her clothes blew back at me. I was backed up against the wall for balance. Squinting against the flying debris, I watched her boots leave the black top. The boots turned there, in mid-air, until the steel toes pointed at me. I glanced up from her boots and saw she wasn't the same woman at all. She was the beauty I saw in her smile. And then the smile came again. And then the alley filled with heat and light in an explosive flash. Shopkeepers came out of their stores' back doors into the alley. They didn't see me at first. What they saw first was the bloodied body of the crack whore. No wings. Also no coat or blouse. They saw me second, the blouse and coat at my feet.

My fairy tale went pretty much unheeded, and, yes, substantial traces of semen matching my own was found in her stomach contents. The DA had

me plea to some sort of undefined manslaughter rather than first degree homicide, and I was handed a prison sentence of three years, four months in Tehachapi Maximum.

Out in the yard, guys from different blocks checked out the fresh meat from other blocks. I was fresh meat. My cellmate, who didn't like me, said he was planning on pimping my ass out to the highest bidder. He said he was in good with a guard who would make it happen. Rather than call his bluff, I slept with a sharpened pencil under my pillow, and would imagine its path, plunging into the filthy rapist's eye as I drifted off to sleep, but ultimately, it wasn't the pencil jamming into an eye, but rather... I'd rather not recount that first time. After awhile the daily sodomizing became routine, and I was property. My man was really starting to like me too. I was a good observer and watched all sorts of shit go down in the yard and mess hall. I'd inform DeSoto, my man, of plots overheard and he'd sometimes get me chocolates, cigarettes, even alcohol, which helped me endure his rapings.

DeSoto was not gay. I know, he fucked my ass quite regularly, but still, on the inside, it didn't make him a homosexual. On the inside of Tehachapi Maximum, life for the men followed the rules of Machismo. Basically it goes like this: if you're giving, no matter what the sex you're giving it to, it makes you more masculine, more heterosexual and testosteronely mighty, but if you receive, you're a punk bitch, and generally lower on the food chain. For those on the receiving end of the field it didn't matter if you were receiving by choice or force, you weren't considered much of a man either way, but to receive by choice from one of the sad little faggots like myself, that would mean social disaster.

One day it happened. DeSoto's biggest rival was Jerry, an old half ton of man. I always tried to stay politically neutral. It'd be stupid of me to be otherwise. Politics in prison meant fighting. Armed with nothing more than a fly swatter, I wouldn't attack a Pitbull, mucus and bile dripping madly from its snarling soul, because it thought my lawn would be a good place for a rest stop on its insane trek along the heat scent trail. Even if that Pitbull was a Chihuahua, "Let it," as the smug counter-culture preacher says, "be." I have no use for even a swollen ankle in these jails filled with junkies, perverts and whores. So when Jerry approached me and wanted to suck my dick as part of a series of sweet favors to lure me away from DeSoto, I slapped it into his mouth. Arguing can mean death. This was the first time since the alley. The memory of which I was starting to disbelieve. As Jerry worked it, snorting and sniffling, I remembered looking down into the fairy whore's dark hair and seeing the abyss and how it felt as if I was swinging over it, dangling at the end of my rope over dark infinity, attempting to fly to safety. As my mind filled with infinities, fairies and prison politics, Jerry made me come. A lot. I hosed down the big bastard's throat and he screamed, real mad deathly terror.

In fear, I jumped back. He clutched psyche ward, headbanger crazy at his throat, gasping, desperate. I didn't know what to do.

"Help! Holy mother of God someone fucking help!" I cried out in distress. Two guards were immediately on the scene with a few prisoners in tow. They ate up the story with their eyes: Jerry spitting up white frothing vomit, my pants down, half limp prick dying on the vine in the open air. Whatever was happening to Jerry right then and there, his future as prison macho man was no more. Nobody wanted to touch Jerry. One of the guards put me in cuffs. More guards arrived, more than I had ever seen in one space. Enough for riot control. They discussed what they should do as Jerry writhed and spat up voluminous amounts of the off-white froth. He rolled around in agony, his mad vomit slick over his face, hair and clothes. It began to fully encase him. He was like an angry impotent bee getting the once over from a merciless spider. The guards corralled us back, but not away. None of them could take their eyes off this mess that had been one of the toughest guys in all Tehachapi Max. Jerry's thrashing ended. Small amounts of noxious gleet still gurgled from his mouth like a too full infant spitting milk.

Everyone stared and did nothing. Awe was felt, and then more awe. Jerry started to rise, dazed. His body no longer seemed to fit him, and his hands fell off. A prisoner fainted at the sight. Then Jerry's face dropped, then his whole body sagged away like a sandcastle in the surf. What remained was awesome. It was Jerry, standing before us, but smooth, thin, unwasted by the world's indecency to him. He was young. Like twenty years younger.

Since then they've been feeding my semen to animals, first rabbits, but they died, then old monkeys who would get very young afterwards. So far it's not too bad. I get to jerk off to Hustler or whatever, collect it in a little clear glass tube and that's it. As long, they say, as I can pull one off at least three times a day then they won't resort to mechanical extraction. What they're doing is working out dosage. This is going to be for people eventually, and they're trying to synthetically recreate it since they can't patent my jism. They wanted to know everything that might have had something to do with this phenomenon. They wanted me to write it all down, honestly. I already gave the fairy tale in my statement for the police, but the psychiatrist told me that story was a means of displacing guilt from myself to the victim. That's okay. The psychiatrist needs to believe that. Most people need to believe lies, but I'm through telling them. So here it is, the truth again, all written out as I saw it with my own two eyes, and that's it baby. Every sperm is sacred. I tell you no lies.

Platform: Playstation 2
Developer: Dream Factory
Publisher: Squaresoft
Players: 1-4
Accessories: Memory Card (8MB), Multi-Tap

Pros: Exellent graphics, superb sound, different endings, upgradeable characters, decent multiplayer

Cons: game too easy for average gamer, too short

Player: DumlaoX

Square has been known recently for their outstanding RPG lineup which includes Vagrant Story, Chrono Cross, and, of course, the Final Fantasy series. They have, however, been involved in other genres such as Rad Racer back in the old NES days and Tobal #1. They weren't as successful as the RPGs but they did show that the company had some diversity. Their recent effort, The Bouncer, is an interesting hybrid of a beat-em-up and a RPG. While it is very well done, the length of the game itself prevents The bouncer from becoming more than a rental.

Graphically the game is amazing. Using an anti-aliasing technique, the game has a glossy look to it. There are no hard edges to any object, making everything look as good as the CGI movies themselves. The movement is very fluid with no jerkiness whatsoever. The detail is amazing, allowing you to see every link on Sion's chain necklace. Very few games on the PS2 can claim this graphic brilliance.

The sound in the game is also another strong point. The music is still standard fighting fare but it does the job of inspiring the player to do some bashing. The ending theme by Shanice, "Love is the Gift", is definitly perfect for the overall story and marks one of the few times a major recording artist did a song specifically for a game. The voicework is actually quite good, though a little under par when compared to the Metal Gear Solid cast. A significant factor in this game is that it supports Dolby Digital 5.1 sound. The richness of the sound effects, voices, and music then comes alive, making it a much more immersive game. And for those that hate the voices of the American cast, the Japanese soundtrack is available as well, including a different ending theme song.

The gameplay, however, is where the game falls. The good news is that the control scheme is quite good, with high, middle, and low attacks as well as blocks, jump attacks, and special attacks thrown in to ensure complete control over your bouncer. The 4 player multiplayer mode is also quite good, but is more of a straight fighter than the 4 player fighting madness found in Power Stone 2 and Super Smash Brothers. The experience point system is also a good way to build the character up and select what moves you want/don't want in his arsenel. However, when you look at it, the game is short. Too short. If you strip away all the cinemas and figure a hard fight at the end, the game is gonna be an hour tops. What makes it worse is that the game itself is easy until the end. One can argue that most beat-em-ups are like this and I have to agree.

Overall, The Bouncer is actually quite good. Definitly worth a rental but not worth the $50 retail price.

Hexen released for mac, NOW??

No this is not a old game that Iam reviewing, well it is, but it's totally new for the Apple user's. The game was originally released by Raven way back in 1997 as the earliest title to use the original Quake engine from ID Software.

System: Mac
Publisher:
Developer: Raven Software
Players: 1
Hardware: 8.6+, PowerPC, 36RAM, 500HD
Pros: Improved look, almost free
Cons: Rehashed FPS
Player: Skitzo Freak

This is a first-person shoot them up, run for your life type game, I was a huge fan of this game back in the 486DX days, and I thought it would be the same. I was very very wrong, with cleaner graphics and a very cool RPG-like elements as well. What does this mean? Well it is kinda like a Diablo type format, you collect skill points by defeating and or compleating things in each level, you gain mania (magic), and life. Each time your player levels up it continues to grow. The characters will also react differently to powerups found in each world/level. Example, the Necromancer will gain very little from finding a beatplate, but will gain more from a magic amulet.

The Mac application is also based upon the Mac GLQuake source code, and it holds up surprisingly well. The textures and enemies are all very nicely done (as long as you keep in mind this is a Quake-based game). Also be sure to download the Quicktime version of the intro movie found at the web site to get the full effect.

Overall- Yes it was nice to see a classic to be ported to the mac, but not even the RPG add-on would hold me down for long, after maybe four days with it, you begin to see yourself, getting bored and if you own q3/UT finding to crave those more and more.

To play the free three level demo, go to www.planetquake.com/paroxysm and follow the instructions.

Your engine rattles your teeth, the engine is set up so rich you spit raw fuel out the pipes, you roll in, the lights drop, and you've smoked the competition; dam I haven't even put my name in and this game already kicks ass.

IHRA drag racing brought to you by Bethesda Softworks Inc. for your home computer was designed for the drag racing fan in mind. With your choice of a million different engine combinations and about 50 different chassis the user can create his or her own speed demon and line it up with some of the top drivers in the IHRA. With ten different tracks to choose from you'll be sure to find all sorts of action. Everything from single race sessions against a pro driver that the computer sets you up with, to running a full season pitting you against the top drivers in the IHRA.

Being an avid drag racing fan and weekend warrior myself, I enjoyed the amount of different setups the game allowed. Alcohol injected, blown with a healthy shot of NOS, or just straight all motor are just a few of the engine combinations. The user is also allowed to go through and make chassis adjustments according to track conditions and engine combinations, along with make gear ratio changes, select what size tires you want to run, damn this game has it all. The user can even record his run and replay how the engine reacts while making passes down the 1320 to be able to make further adjustments to gain more speed.

You can even compete against other drivers online, which makes for some real competition.

But wait, there's nothing on this game for you import fans. Oh well guess you'll have to get used to driving a rear wheel drive v8 for once. All in all this gameis a blast, I love the graphics and the game play goes smoothly. With realistic settings and driving conditions right down to the reaction time off the lights any drag racing fan will definitely enjoy this one.

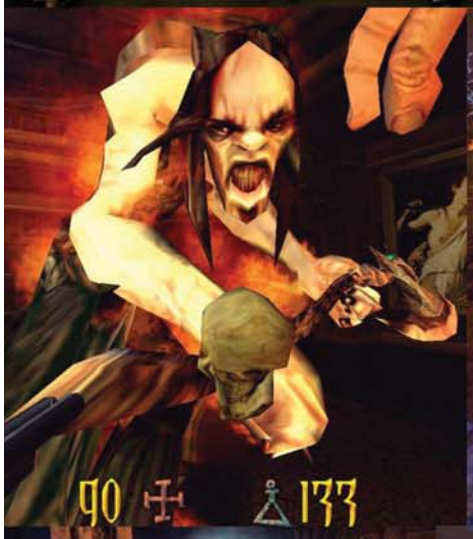
Platform: PC
Developer: Bethesda Softworks
Publisher: Bethesda Softworks
Players: 1-2
Hardware: PentiumMMX+, CDROM
Pros: Excellent graphics, sound, engine combinations, internet play
Cons: domestic's only, more editing features needed like Dyno

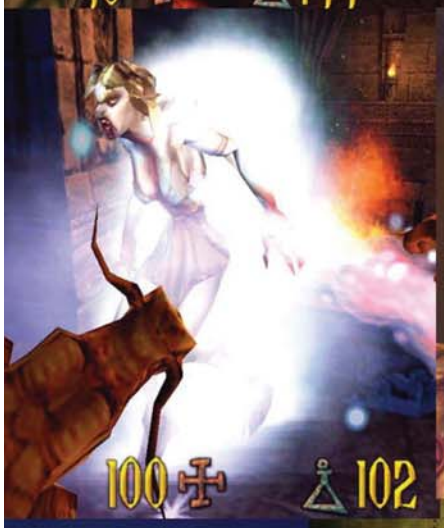
Player: Truckracer666

System: PC
Publisher: Electronic Arts
Players: 1
Hardware: Pentium III 400+ Windows 95+, 64RAM, 644MB HD, CD-ROM, 3-D accelerator

Player: Bushman

Pros: Excellent environments (especially sound). Tight graphics and immense levels. Legitimately creepy feel that caused the heart to race often. Unique weapon system with guns firing with the left hand, spells with the right (alt click). Twisted story.
Cons: No multiplayer. Load times a bit lengthy. Cramming a non-linear story into a linear game can feel a bit "pushed", but for the platform, is very forgivable.





One of the cooler First Person Shooters I've played in awhile. And with horror master Clive Barkers name attached to this, I had high hopes of a storyline worthy of the adventure. While strained through the logistics of making it flow with a "work you way through the levels" type FPS, there where no shortage of genuinely creepy moments. Even in the first opening area, you are treated to the type of mentality this games displays by being able to mystically "see" the ghost of a dead person hanging from a light post. You are given a default ability to "scrye" (alt click to "see" and "hear" past events). The game gives you spooky whispers of "Look.... See....", when you should use this ability. This breathes a lot of life into the story (while not really affecting gameplay).

The typical, explore the areas, shoot the monster, and pick up information and supplies as you go type game has been done. But this is a tight package with EXCELLENT sense of environments (the rainy thunderstorms sounded so good, I was tempted to save my game at certain points, just to be able to go back there and use as background sound off my computer).

The story progresses interestingly enough and allows your character to explore much further and deeper than the initial mansion grounds the start the game. Like most FPS, an arsenal of weapons is at your disposal as the game progresses. The timeframe this takes place in the earlier part of this century, so your pistol is about as "advanced" a weapon as you get (but you gotta love the mystical Scythe that works well to chop off the heads of the bosses once defeated). These weapons are coupled with you characters ability to grasp the occult so this gives a slew of alt-click spells and powers to work with. My favorite was the ability to pull up little skulls and let them fly like small projectile grenades. "Amplifiers" hidden throughout the game allow you to "juice" up your spells and make them more powerful.

Your mission here is to lend your characters Patrick Galloway's extensive knowledge and experience with the occult to solve the horror that's been plaguing your life long friend who enlists your aid. Of course he lives in immense spooky castle in Scotland and his entire family (the bosses you will battle) is composed of powerful beings that have traded their lives and humanity (Undying) for the powers of hell.

Bwahahahahaaaa.

Ok, so it sounds kinda familiar. But there are elements abound that while don't make this groundbreaking, by all means make it worthy of play. It flows nice, is challenging to both your shooting skills and mental problem-solving prowess (I had to cheat with a walkthrough twice). The levels are immense, the graphics are very tight (this is run on the Unreal Tournament engine) and environments are some of the best I've ever played in (especially the sounds, that dept gets an A+ for this game). Really, nothing negative to report at all. Fans of First Person Shooters and Clive Barker cannot go wrong. Even for the experienced gamer, Clive Barkers Undying should provide both a challenge and some fun with legitimate game play and a story line that would give small kids nightmares. Comes with an "M" for mature rating. Gotta love a videogame they won't even sell to a kid under 17. (right)

A bit pricey on the $40 mark, but worth your money.

Rider : Andy Pitts
Photo by : Aaron Ohrt
Location : somewhere
City : NY, NY
Sponsor : 5Boro Skateboards

Rider: Rockabilly Willie **Sponsor:** Raven / Lush Eyewear

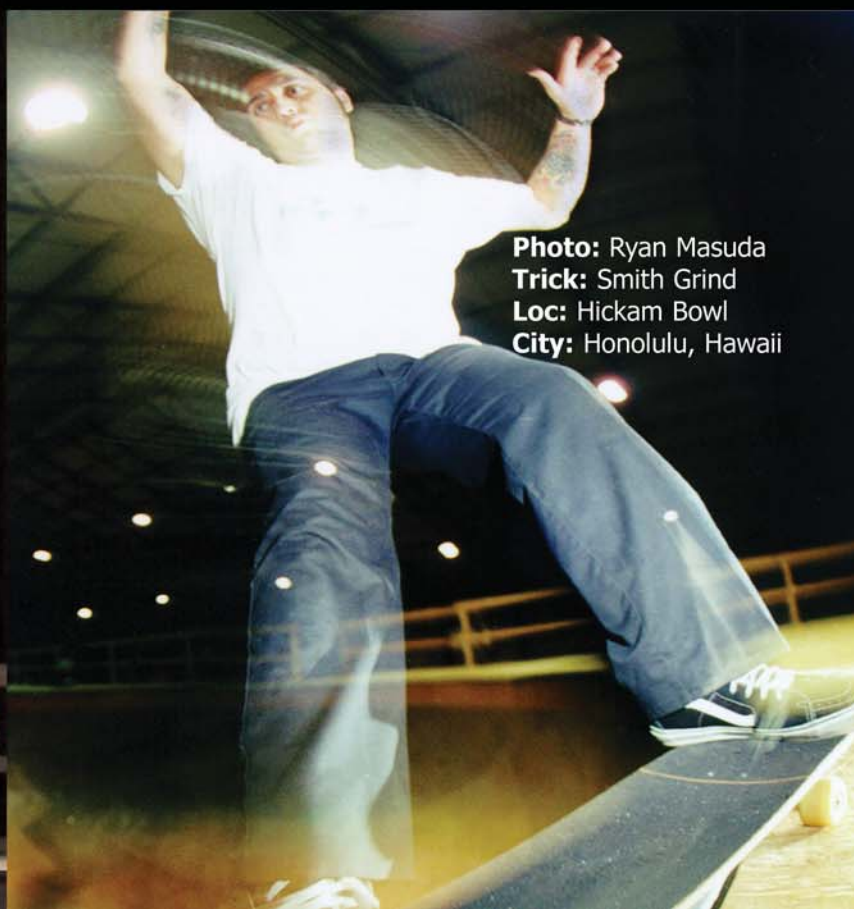
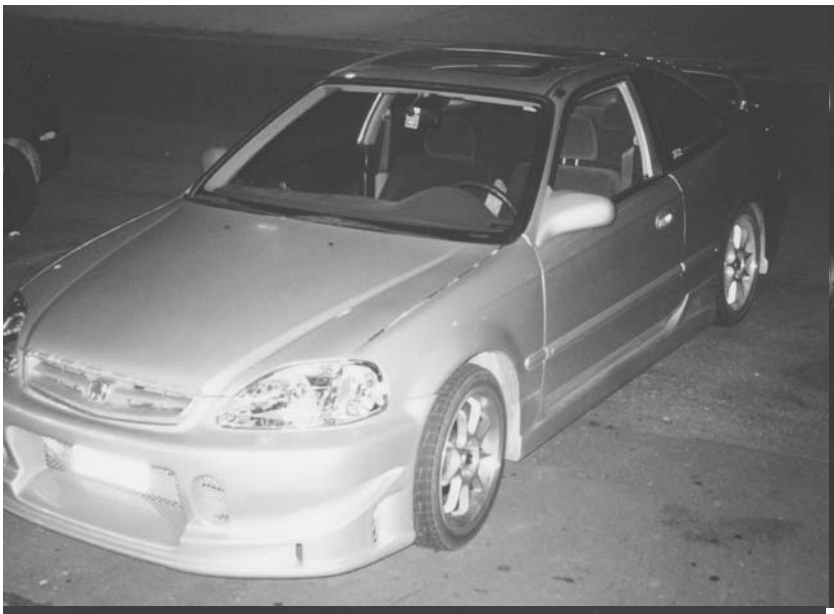


Photo: Ryan Masuda
Trick: Smith Grind
Loc: Hickam Bowl
City: Honolulu, Hawaii



SAN DIEGO DRAGS

A look at the 619/858 Drag Racing Scene **by Truckracer666**

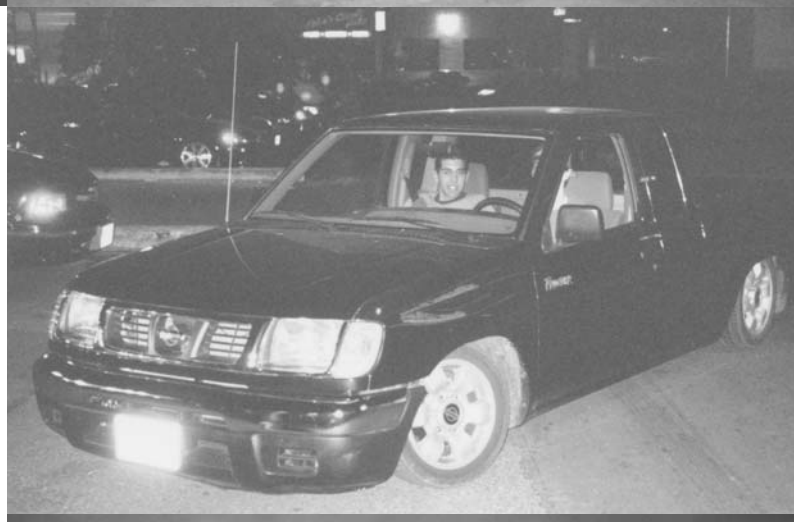
After writing about the street races in Compton a while back we got many responses asking about when we are going to write about the street races in San Diego. The Modern Fix cruise patrol headed out for a couple of weekends to see what's going on in our backyards and see if things have changed at all in the past couple of months. Armed with my small easily concealed camera and a truck with a 100 shot NOS system I headed out to check out the local action.

First spot I hit up was packed full of cars and girls. So far so good. No cops in site. Iguess the local doughnut shop is still open this late at night. Walking through the parking lot I saw the usual array of dropped rides with un-painted body kits and mean sounding engines. I caught up with a few people I knew to see what's been going on. Basically the usual, a lot of driving around and not much racing. I got a few shots clicked off when someone yells "COPS!!". As I'm heading back to my truck, I catch a glimpse of one of the officers coming through the parking lot starting to head in the general direction of where I'm parked and of course I'm the only vehicle in that area. Great, this is all I need. Another stupid fix-it-ticket. Guess he didn't want anything to do with me though cause he ended up going after some other car.

The pack of cars I followed got grouped back together at what is known as the number one spot in San Diego for racing, Kearny Villa RD. Familiar with this area, I find a safe place to park and walk up to the line where cars are starting to line up to make their runs. The fog begins to slowly roll in off the coast. It is going to be a slow night. The first couple of cars go and the familiar sound of tires spinning and engines reving seems to attract more people to where I'm standing. I get a few good shots when all hell breaks loose and 2 cops decide to light up a relatively dark area with their light bars and make the group of what now seems like five to six hundred cars scatter like roaches when a garage light is turned on. As I ran back to my truck, I ran into a fellow street racer and he and I bounced off each other and hit the ground….hard. I finally limp back to my truck and gather myself back up and begin to follow other racers down KV road to another spot that is relatively new to the SD scene.

What's known as 'GD' - a.k.a. where the old General Dynamics building used to be seemed to already have a bunch of cars racing there already. I figure I don't have much time till the cops get over here so I decide to line up next to another truck like mine. We get up to the line I turn my NOS on and purge my system. I guess the other

truck I was about to race didn't notice cause when the flager dropped his hands, the guy disappeared into my rear-view mirror. I turned around and parked up near the starting line and am able to get a few shots off. Now the fog really started to move in and it made it hard to see anything past 50 ft in front of you. Then out of no where the cops show up again. I learned my lesson last time about trying to run back to my truck in a crowd full of people. It was kind of funny to watch everyone run like mad to get back to their cars only to sit in their there for 5 minutes in the exact spot where they had parked waiting for everyone one else to move.



Everyone from GD regrouped and headed down the road. Its was about 12:45 at this point and the dj's on channel 93.3 and channel 90.3 where spinning up all sorts of house and trance for people to listen to. "Hey what happened to my glow sticks from clubbin' last night". It was about a twenty-minute drive down the freeway to the next spot everyone and their mother knows about. Firehouse in Mira Mesa. I personally don't like this spot. I've been busted here along with most of my friends so I decide to just park and chill with some buddies of mine to catch up on the old days when we used to run at Trade St for hours on end last summer and how cops used to be so much nicer to people when you got caught racing. So much for the old days. After sitting for about ten minutes I notice no one is making any runs. I realize the city has laid down some kid of road dot to deter people from racing down the road. That didn't stop us from having a burnout contest in the middle of the street. I proceeded to nearly destroy my clutch smoking up my tires and leaving a cloud that looked like some sort of smoke screen. The cheers from the large crowd didn't seem to stop as I rolled down the street only to see a couple of cops creeping up the road. They slowly went past me hoping to catch a couple of cars racing but all they could do is clear everyone out of the area.

I headed towards another known spot Sorrento Valley RD. When I arrived, I found there were already people racing there and I figured this wouldn't last so I wasn't going to risk it and try to make a run. I parked and walked up to the line to finish off my roll of film and caught up with Charlie from SDStreetRacing.com and found that they had been there for a while. The thick fog seemed to be hovering just above the rooftops of the buildings and you could clearly see what was coming down the road, which made for more than ideal conditions for racing in that area. I was able to get my roll of film finished off and was able to enjoy the next 45 minutes of straight racing. It seemed like everyone was down here. The line to make a run was a 30-minute wait, and everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves. I started getting this un-easy feeling about why the cops hadn't been down here yet and made the decision to call it a night I was getting tired anyway and had to work the next morning. As I was leaving and thinking to myself it was a good night of racing in Sorrento Valley, I get pulled over by a cop for a license plate light being out. He was actually pretty cool and let me go with a warning. Hell, he didn't even ask me about my exhaust sounding the way it does which has got to be a first for me.

So it turned out to be an ok night. Too bad there was so much fog around Kearny. Tune in next issue when the cruise patrol checks out the latest craze to hit the streets of San Diego, drift racing.

LEGAL JARGIN: Modern Fix and all affiliates doesn't promote street racing in anyway, its illegal and bad so don't do it!!

Soilwork
"A Predator's Portrait"
Nuclear Blast

I've been told that people are libel to get a little crazy if the find out I got the latest from Swedish act Soilwork, "A Predator's Portrait" and its no surprise. With a broad spectrum of styles present in each song, a comparison to Children Of Bodem is a useful starting point. Though far from a perfect album, there is much more promise within this disk for dominating today's metal scene. Its hard to capture all that is Soilwork's sound. The short end is that it is the bringing together of several divergent metal sounds. The long end begins with a firm planting in death metal and hard-core, then it gets more interesting. There is a power metal flare that is off the beaten path. Despite my usual distaste for the epic sounds, they were used well. Not heavily depended on, the power influences mostly from guitar and keyboards give an opposition to the raw and distorted rhythm section. In addition, electronic sounds find there way in to the mix, hinting at a industrial heritage. Often the guitar riffs start to move towards the Nu-Metal sound, which ends up coming across as watered down hard-core. Much of "A Predator's Portrait" was really good from a technical stand point, but nonetheless there were many times, a riff here, a passage there, when things started to break down. And as the album wore on, I found the heaviness slipping out little by little, with the exception of the title track, the last four songs or so were slightly pale compared to the more extreme sounds of "Bastard Chain" or "Like The Average Stalker." A honing of the sound intended to be produced could really help give the kick that's needed. At times it just felt like they were holding back, afraid to get down and heavy. A little overrated, but still quality.

Rinaldo

Various Artists
"Life On Another Planet"
Another Planet Records

This compilation has it all. A solid mix of punk and hard rock, featuring Warzone, American Standard (my favorite brand of toilet), Murphy's Law, The Mob, Crown of Thornz, Cro-Mags, Skarhead, Leeway and Both Worlds. If you got one of them fancy Apple IIc computers for looking at that Internet porno, this CD even has bonus videos from Leeway and the Cro-Mags. Some people hate comps. I love them - more than crack. Even more than cutting. Like those mix tapes you used to make for your sweetheart as a kid, there is an art to selecting the best tracks to create that mood. I get the feeling that any on of these tracks could have been recorded 15 years ago. It's classic, all-American anger, without overly slick production or hook dependency. It's timeless - like Hallmark even. Skarhead's "Scarred Love" is drenched in live garage ambience, with sloppy backing vocals, probably because it is live. It kicks off with the band asking the crowd to sing along. Ugly. Beautiful. Murphy's Law throws in three of this CD's tightest songs. "Don't Bother Me" has surf guitar dives. "The Murphy's Law Ska Song" crashes into a spaced out crawl and I was half-expecting Shaggy to start scatting. Leeway is the odd band out here. They have an almost 80s hair metal feel, with Eddie Stutton's over-the-top vocals / white-boy rapping. "Kingpin" takes a few passes to grow on you, but "Enforcer" is pretty fucking solid. Warzone's second track, "Don't Forget the Struggle" is pure chaos. It's refreshing to hear live energy, rather than technical detail or hi-fidelity. This is a shining example - about as refreshing as sucking on an Alexander the Grape Otterpop on sweltering June day, while you're dropping cinderblocks onto freeway traffic from the Paseo Padre Bridge. My kind of refreshing.

Mike Peaslee

Placebo
"Black Market Music"
Virgin

This is music that will become your DNA. Placebo is one of those bands that can be considered timeless. The music is one second indie rock and the next poppy and Cure-ish. The arrangements are very inventive, in the sense of Bowie or PJ Harvey. "Spite & Malice" features Justin Warfield (of the band Tape) rapping the old slogan "Dope, guns, fucking in the streets". "Commercial For Levi" is a beautiful childlike lullaby warning the listener about "Coke & Ecstasy" and pleading, "Please don't die". There is a haunting piece about voyeurism ("Peeping Tom"), a "love" song about ketamine ("Special K") and the first single ("meant to confuse" says singer Brian Molko) "Taste in Men". The latter starts with a beat influenced by Paul Oakenfold. Molko's Michael Stipe meets Geddy Lee vocal style is a refreshing voice in the days of post-Nirvana, angry suburb white kid heavy metal. This album is the perfect blend of everything good about rock n roll. Placebo's debut album was released in 1996. Since then they have appeared in the film "Velvet Goldmine", opened for David Bowie at his 50th birthday concert at Madison Square Garden and have supported U2 on many European Popmart tour dates. All this while headlining their own shows all over the world. In 1999, Placebo recorded a new version of "Without You I'm Nothing" featuring Bowie on vocals. This album will not disappoint fans of Lou Reed, Sonic Youth, Iggy Pop and PJ Harvey. Placebo has a sound that is unique, dark, happy, sober and intoxicated. In a perfect world, this will be a number one album and sell millions. Known as a band notorious for sex and drugs, "Black Market Music" is a realization record. Do we have a wiser, older, just-say-no Placebo on our hands? Nah...they just realize they are in it for the music.

Anthony Aughtman

Even Johansen
"Quiet & Still"
FiveOneInc.

Staying true to his album's moniker, Even Johansen has fashioned something precisely that - quiet and still. You drift sleepily in and out of each song, never fully aware of where one ends and the other begins. I could barely keep my head above water, nearly drowning in its melancholy ocean. It's not necessarily a bad pick - Johansen's sweet, honeysickle alternative-country guitar picks are gentle and soothing - it's just missing more than it's share of spice and passion throughout. Since Quiet & Still nearly induced a coma, I'm going to suggest that it's more suitable for the individual suffering from sleep-deprivation.

Mia West

Atom & His Package
"Redefining Music"
Hopeless Records

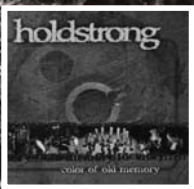
From the first nasal rap attack eliciting Bloodhound Gang flashbacks, I knew Atom & His Package was going to be a self-indulgent wankfest. When it works, this melds the better elements of say Ween, Devo, Nerf Herder and aforementioned Bloodhound Gang (but never as moronic). Kitschy and campy, sequencers and drum machines rule, and some appropriate distorted guitars to sneak into that indie rock set. Lyrics are funny and clever and usually don't let you in on the joke. Atom even found himself a cool drummer as "Shopping Spree" actually rocks (despite the Playschool keyboard) with a great rolling beat and choppy guitars and clever sequencer breakdown in the middle. Atom's voice sounds a lot like Tom Green when the Canadian comic goes on a musical trip. Clever for the set, and you can tell Atom & His Package knows the value of a pop hook. 15 songs deep of cute sequencer rock that isn't nearly as annoying as it should be.

Bushman

Bare Jr.
"Brainwasher"
Immortal Records

On "Why Do I Need a Job" lead singer Robert Bare Jr. drunkenly moans, "Why do I need a job?-I feel so free-I got nowhere to be-so why do I need a job?" Hate to break it to you there Bobby, but you might want to hit up Monster.com because I don't think this Bare Jr. thing is going to work out. Nashville based Bare Jr. combines elements from successful radio acts like Tom Petty, Dave Matthews Band, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers in an attempt to fuse them into a sort of retro, trip-rock. Unfortunately, "Brainwasher" is loaded with throbbing base lines and quirky riffs that probably sound a lot better after a six-pack (okay, a twelver) of Budweiser. Most of Bare Jr.'s raucous, twangy rock is vaguely reminiscent of Weezer, only without the depth and musicianship. Unrequited love in one form or another make up the vast majority of the fourteen tracks on "Brainwasher", as Bare Jr. describes the great lengths he would go to in order to get a little lovin'. While it's tough to fault the guy for trying, a bunch of hokey songs about girls does not a complete record make. You've got to throw in some songs about beer to have that.

Brian Greenaway



Holdstrong
"Color of Old Memory"
Pin Drop Records

Do you ever wonder why some hard-core bands include lyrics within their jacket liners? I don't think I understood one single syllable of Chris Berthiaume's lyrics, what with the crushing guitars, loud drumming, and heavy bassing. But I still liked it. Holdstrong blasts through all twelve tracks on their latest release from Pin Drop Records like Tiger Woods from a fairway bunker. Unabashedly loud, mercilessly unrelenting and to the point, "Color of Old Memory" is not for the occasional dabbler in East Coast hardcore. Fans of pummeling, guitar-driven hard-core will definitely want to pick this one up. While a bit more variety on the tracks might have been nice, Holdstrong nevertheless turns out a quality product, full of angst-filled sonic explosions. However, let the buyer beware: Expect maximum damage to your eardrums if you play this one too loud and/or maximum damage to your larynx if you attempt to sing along. Assuming, of course, that you can make out the words.

Brian Greenaway

Fragment

"Angels Never Came"

Pin Drop Records/One Way Home Records

Buy this EP! Don't ask questions, just buy it. Fragment is a turbulent whirlpool in the waters of existence. These heavy metal stompers have a sound very comparable to Earth Crisis. Burning guitars play different, complimenting lines backed by a driving bass and dead on drums (light on the double bass pedal work). "Angels Never Came" is one of my favorite albums and gets 15 on a rating from 1 to 10. These guys can play and write tunes just as well as the mainstream big boys. Hailing themselves from New Hampshire, they bring themselves to your ears on fire. The best song, "Breakthrough" is a mixture of rich, heavy guitar lines with a great overall structure. Fragment's songs move and can excite even the perpetual drooler. I checked out their website, and it is great except that the address is buried. Why not just pay a small fee and get your own domain name? This nuisance is the only downside to the whole setup. Fully impressed and ready to go convert anyone who has never heard of Fragment, I leave you with this. Buy this album, even if you have to get someone to buy it for you!

Creedle 110

Die Toten Hosen

"Crash-Landing"

Nuclear Blast records

German Punk. I must admit this is a new concept for me. The band from 'Dusseldorf, West Germany' as the Producer so points out to us, sounds to be a cross between the Clash and the techno revolution of the Nineties. They do a cover of "I Fought The Law" that sounds exactly like the legendary Clash. With many hit albums under their belt in Europe, "Crash-Landing" is their first international debut. The band has been around in one form or another since 1981 and it shows in the different styles played on the album. I could sense a little British inspired punk in the first few tracks and a Scorpions feel in "Soul Influence". Though this album may not be for everyone, it is definitely refreshing to hear this hybrid of music. I recommend going to their website, www.dietotenhosen.de and downloading some songs.

Michael Moriatis

Christiansen

"Emphasizing Function Over Design"

Eulogy Recordings

What's with Louisville, KY? Is it just me, or does this seem a whack place for all this cool emo indie rock to be spewing forth from? I have never been to Kentucky, but I hear they have good chicken. They have Christiansen and they ain't bad either. Not as good as Kentucky Fried Chicken, but hey, definitely not as greasy. Rather, Christiansen are more clean, earnest indie rockers who have a rather used formula and repeat it endlessly here, but don't offend with their sameness. The hope lies in the bands willingness to weave together many parts and movements to each song, so if you don't like this verse, the next one will probably be a little different so it's got some spice. Touches of their scene-mates Elliot are evident (Kevin Ratterman of Elliot actually helped them release one of Christiansen's first demos). The singer has an approach that is rather disjointed from the music that's going on around him, but he's capable of sincere pleading melody and a dash of angst, but never abrasive (similar to Chevelle's singer). Some more creative moments shine through when the guitars attempt to see how well they can mash two trickle run guitar rhythms together and mange to keep the song moving forward at the same time. Christiansen's best trick is their stop/start slap and run riffs that catch the listener off guard often. A high sense of drama and it seems something drearily serious is affecting Christiansen. Perhaps it's living in Kentucky.

Bushman

Tracy + The Plastics

"Muscler's Guide to Videonics"

Chainsaw Records

What the hell IS this? Tracy + The Plastics (the Plastics referring to her keyboard + sampler and drum machine) is an exercise in very self-indulgent wankery utilizing said plastics. HIGH (in all meanings of the word) sense of "cheapness" used in the sonic spectrum here. Extremely talented arrangements with poetic art chick rants. But this does irritate and will garner a "This sux." from most passerby's. I agree mostly, but only because Tracy hasn't learned how to utilize the sounds past the presents on her Casio. Maybe that's the intention, super sterile, almost midi-like tinny electronic arrangements against cheap preset drum rolls with Tracy seemingly overly concerned with life in general. Ever see those artists that create a fucking masterpiece out of Light Brites? Or an immaculate Lego sculpture? Or paint the constitution on a grain of rice? Tracy + The Plastics is a lot like that. Tons of talent utilizing tools that really aren't the best medium to express in this given context. I'm guessing this is entirely intentional, but I bet with some access to some either better equipment and more selective array of sounds used, Tracy could be worshipped for the art chick she's so desperately flaunting on, "Muscler's Guide to Videonics". Tracy's personality is charmingly bizarre enough to keep intrest, but I'm stoned off my ass right now so factor that in. And she sampled AC/DC's, "For Those About To Rock" and did the rhythm guitar line with her cheesy keyboard. Still not sure if that's cool or not. For the extremely bored able to appreciate a Mona Lisa done entirely in Light Brites.

Bushman

Various Artists

"Fat Music Volume 5: Live Fat Die Young"

Fat Wreck Chords

In the tenth grade I was together with this girl named Grace Kim who spent "hours and hours" making a mix-tape (no CD burners back then) for me. I treasured that tape and all of its great songs until I realized all she'd done was record "Fat Music Volume 2: Survival of the Fattest" and pass it off as her own handiwork. Needless to say, we broke up soon afterward. While Grace may never come back, Fat Mike and his label have, offering up 20 brand new, unreleased tracks of unabashed punk rock for your listening pleasure. All the heavy hitters are here: Lagwagon, No Use for a Name, Good Riddance, Mad Caddies, Strung Out, Swingin' Utters, NOFX, Propagandi and lots, lots more. Past Fat Wreck compilations have generally included only a handful of unreleased tracks sandwiched between material already available on the various bands' full-length releases. "Live Fat Die Young" however, contains tracks each band recorded exclusively for the project, making this a must have and more than justifying the slightly higher sticker price. So pick up Volume 5 and beware of cute Asian girls in the LA area and their mix tapes.

Brian Greenaway

Swan

"Pathogen"

Synthetic Biological Research

Swan is sort of Man is the Bastard meets Tool, but in a good way. Two voices during most of the songs. One is a scream the other a higher pitched, occasionally on key, possibly harmonizing, defiantly defining flow. Not exactly in tune with the happy crappy struggling to survive local San Diego punk scene, they give the somewhat tired new metal sound some life. Including samples in almost all seven songs on this album (more like an EP), I found myself wishing that the keyboard sounds were a little higher and more defined, and a few more songs could have helped. The CD is out on Synthetic Biological Research, which I'm assuming is their own label. That's actually the most surprising thing about this band: they aren't fucking signed! Seeing what comes in to Modern Fix from music labels.....man, this is better then 2/3's of that shit. Honestly, this sound that other bands try, usually ends up flunking into the rap-core, I-wish-I-was-slipknot garbage.

PR

FYP

"Toys That Kill"

Recess Records

FYP sucks. Or so, I thought. I think it's more of an aquired taste, because past albums just didn't do it for me, and it's a type of punk that usually hits the spot. I thought NOFX was good up to "Punk in Drublic", and then it turned to shit afterwords, and FYP seems to fit a similar musical slot. So here I am, with "Toys That Kill", the *final* release by FYP. FYP, or Five Year Plan, decided to break up after 25 releases, five of which were full lengths, and you should care because? I think you should. One of the best songs on here is "Pappy", a fast, double bass number whose lyrics include "just because you wear boots don't make you a cowboy". Good philosophy. There seems to be a lot of anger venting about incompetant people having babies, and women fucking over guys. I guess it's not exactly totally original, but it's funny and true to heart. Aww. "She only comes just to belittle my brain, she comes with her ex-boyfriend who looks more like Mike Ness then me". That's from, "Belittle My Brain". What does suck is that although there are many tracks, as typical FYP goes, a few are small clips of non music shit like a crank phone call and odd children tapes. And even the full length songs are pushing two minutes. For FYP fans, another good reason to buy this aside the fact that's its their last fucking release is that it comes with a minibook on FYP history. A good read. I learned more pointless information then is probably good for me. Like that FYP has gone thru a shitload of band members over the years, and the singer was a good vert/ramp skater. Plenty of little tidbits only usefull to a fan, so it's worth checking out. If you picked up the release before this, an EP called "Come Home Smelly", this album shares the title track and a few other songs, just so ya know. Overall, I'd say in comparison, this album reminds me of the music of NOFX, and the attitude and style of The Queers and Screeching Weasel. Totally a kickass CD which has spent many a days in my player. Buy now! Oh yeah, on an afterthought, the name "Toys That Kill" is not only the title of this CD, but the name of Todd (singer) and Sean's (bassist/singer) new band, so give that fucker a listen also. I'll end this review with a final quote from the FYP history book: "Hopelessly addicted to E-Bay, Todd spends his days wasting away before a shimmering computer screen, hoping in vain that someone will make a good bid on his old straight-edge seven inches".

PR

Big in Japan

"Destroy the New Rock"

Honest Don's Records

Big in Japan? They should be big in America. A mish-mosh of punk riffs and awesome drumbeats that have hints of Screaching Weasel and Elvis Costello. Hell, Fuckin' Joey Travers is the second coming of Elvis Costello. They have taken a classic style and upgraded it with songs like "New Dead Boyfriend", a tongue and cheek ode to an ex's new flame. "Hell Before Reno" is an angst-ridden song about living in a small town and having your life pass you by. The songs have great hooks and a wild energy that makes you want to go see them live. If you long for the day when pop punk was on the cutting edge and the riffs were more original than the Backstreet Boys, go pick up this album.

Micheal Moriatis

Antifreeze

"Four Letter Words"

Kung Fu Records

Straight from the hills of Wisconsin comes Antifreeze. Although they now reside in Austin, TX, the band still rocks all over the U.S. Antifreeze is a killer rock-bred band likened to Weezer and Blink 182. They manage to catch an interesting sound using clever chord progressions and new concepts. Take the song "Bankruptcy" with a strong beginning that melts into a killer hip hop beat which in turn grooves into another rock feel. This amazing writing puts them in a league of their own. "Is He Your Boyfriend?" is a smoking starter with a catchy melody. The lyrics are pretty typical though they are not bad in any respect. "On and On" kicks in with a killer guitar intro and flows into a strong Green Day-like song. "Four Letter Words" is a really enjoyable album with much to offer. If you are looking for a rock band with something different to offer, then you will love Antifreeze. I tried to view their website, but it wouldn't load for some reason so if you want to hear them you will have to buy their CD. I have a feeling that Antifreeze will become a very popular band, if not even going as far to say that they will make the MTV rotation. At the very least they will make the MTV II rotation!

Creedle 110

Manic Street Preachers

"Know Your Enemy"

Virgin Records

Manic Street Preachers seem to think of themselves as the Welsh version of Rage Against the Machine (competing with Chumbawumba for the title?). They launched "Know Your Enemy" with a gig at the Karl Marx Theater in Havana, making history as the first Anglo-Western band to perform in communist Cuba. But their real strength lies more along the lines of, say, Pulp-lite; string-heavy, pretty Brit ballads with a dash of socialist affectation. Unfortunately, on the latest album, they haven't come up with any. Instead, there's a schizophrenic mix of nostalgic thrasher-punk attempts and utterly empty pop fluff. "Can anyone make a difference anymore / Can anyone write a protest song?" asks frontman James Dean Bradfield, devoid of irony, on "Let Robeson Sing." If the album is remembered for anything, it will be for its atrocious song titles. "Ocean Spray" features a chorus born to be a radio jingle: "Oh please stay awake / And then we can drink some Ocean Spray" (their caps). "My Guernica" is too dull to warrant description. And there's "Baby Elian" — Fidel probably had a terrific time crowd-surfing to that one. "Freedom of Speech Won't Feed My Children" mocks, "We love to kiss the Dalai Lama's ass / Because he is such a holy man... Little boys with dangerous toys / All bow down to the Beastie Boys." Point taken, but clever lines don't save the Street Preachers' soul.

eaf

Nonpoint

"Statement"

MCA Records

A friend recently warned me about a news report he saw on TV concerning music and kids, stating "You now, there's a lot of stuff out there they say can be bad for kids." I immediately cracked up. Ninety-percent of the CD's in our household are stamped Parental Advisory/ Explicit Content and my ten-year-old son's favorite band is Slipknot. (Slayer rates a close second.) So, we're all in agreement the kid has good taste, right? Cool. Of Nonpoint's MCA debut, "Statement" the head-banging heathen would like it known, "This shit kicks some serious ass!" A super-tight sonic cocktail blend of Static-X, Tool and Puya, their formula and execution are undeniable. Vocalist Elias Soriano moves effortlessly through angst-ridden melodics and guttural screams, while drummer Robb Rivera remains particularly strong throughout. Overall, the southern Florida quartet (featuring Andrew Goldman on guitar and KB on bass) doesn't stretch much beyond what is familiar in the current state of the genre, however "Statement" does have its moments. "Endure" and "Years" are highly impressive, and "Orgullo" (the Spanish word for "pride", sung en Espanol) warrants a few hits to the repeat button on the disc player.

Jenn Whitehorse Richardson

Nothin But Heatt

"Don't Take It Per$onal"

Blackdrum Records

Most of the tracks on Nothin But Heatt's EP "Don't Take It Per$onal" are as good as what gets played on mainstream hip-hop radio stations. This is not to damn them with faint praise, but to say that the L.A.-based duo of Ova-Do$e and Young My$tro is all right. "Block Material," the hyperactive "Seven Times," and the title track are heavy on snare drums and synthesizers - the sound is much more Dirty South than West Coast - but they pack as much bounce to the ounce as anything around. As MC's, the duo could stand a little lyrical sharpening, but thanks to the skills of producer Sky N. Bermudas, "Don't Take It Per$onal" is an infectious disc. Keep an eye peeled for Nothin But Heatt.

C-Train

Mushmouth

"Lift the Curse"

Triple Crown Records

Do you remember Mushmouth? That groupie with the lampshade on his head from Fat Albert? Well, he's back and now he's got a hardcore band! Ok, not really. Mushmouth (who are in the process of changing their name to Out to Win) is a brutal combination of hardcore and metal, full of pulverizing guitars and "grrrr, roar" lyrics. While perhaps not as deft musically as fellow East Coast rockers Biohazard or Affinity, Mushmouth nevertheless delivers quite promisingly on tracks like, "Cold" where lead screamer Henzel barks "You strip my life from me - You expect me to go on - My heart bleeds, the pain I feel - And still you think you've done no wrong." Those harsh words coupled with an equally enraged sound make for a complete sensory experience worthy of a second listen. The only major drawback is the lack of anything truly original on "Lift the Curse", as several of the tracks feel rather redundant and derivative. Complaints aside, Mushmouth should bring a smile to the faces of those who can't get enough metalcore. You know who you are.
Hey, hey, hey!

Brian Greenaway

Various Artists

"The Worldwide Tribute to The Real Oi"

I Scream Records/Triple Crown Records

"TWTTTRO" contains some of today's best hardcore bands paying a long overdue tribute to their Oi forefathers. Oi developed in the late 70s-early 80s in the UK, driven by a raw streetpunk sound. That same attitude is aptly captured here by Agnostic Front's spot-on cover of Cock Sparrer's "Take 'Em All" and Dropkick Murphy's "Hey Little Rich Boy" performed originally by Sham 69. The working class feel of many of these largely uncelebrated bands and their cockney accents created quite a stir in the early hardcore movement, making this a truly relevant compilation. Unfortunately, the subtly racist tones which occasionally permeated through the Doc Martin-crazed football fans pops up here as well. Both Madball's rendition of "Violence in Our Minds" and Stampin' Grounds' "Where Have all the Bootboys Gone" conjure up more than fleeting references to skinheads. Despite the claims by many devotees of Oi music (a fair amount of them skinheads), I find it hard to believe that being a skinhead does not necessarily make one a Racist/Fascist. In a world as backwards as ours, is there really any need to promote hate for hate's sake? Think.

Brian Greenaway

Cathedral

"Endtime"

Earache

One would never suspect that Cathedral's vocalist, Lee Dorrian, was a one time singer for seminal grind-core band Napalm Death. The new album, "Endtime" has a slightly different sound from earlier Cathedral. Revamped, the similarities to Crowbar on the opening tracks are amazing with the harsh sound of Dorrian's voice. There is defiantly a strong twist to the southern sludge, with more strait ahead thrash solo's and fuller beats. The older sound, Doom, is still present on songs like "Whores to Oblivion" when you can almost feel the Sabbath influences. Largely, this records carries the stamp of Black Sabbath, but the sound is definitely a personal take on a classic. Moments like with "Alchemist of Sorrow," can almost trick you into thinking your hearing unreleased Sabbath tracks from their heyday. The beauty of Cathedral is that they take a sound you've already heard, and do it again so that it's not immediately recognizable. The psychedelic inspired, "Astral Queen," though not that long, is the kind of thing you might listen to after a spark session. The tripped-out, "Templar's Arise!" had a freaky-deaky intro. of chanting and dark ominous abidance. Followed by the thickest, sludge filled sound on the album. Slow, hard, and oozing, this the mighty lumbering power of Doom. Slowly but surely, things go to a gothic and haunting opus that is nothing less then spectacular.

Rinaldo

Sean Na Na

"Return of the Unicorn"

TroublemanUnlimited

I knew this cat Sean when he was in a Minneapolis band called Calvin Krime. Since then, the ambitious bespectacled musician has been very prolific with his Sean Na Na and Har Mar Superstar projects. It appears Sean is rejecting the indie-rock that he broke his musical chops in, and has backpedaled to a more pure songwriter approach with Sean Na Na. Pianos backed by clean and acoustic guitars take a prominent role and lyrics are dripped on you from every angle. Ben Folds Five could use this much creativity. "Tumor Party" replaces the drums with a sequencer and displays Sean's true colors of a bedroom recluse music-phoebe tangled amongst a forest of cables and cords, making songs about the drugs sound like endearing terms of love. "This bag of weed is making me fat and lazy... and nothing inspires me anymore" starts out "Your Daddy Looks Dead" and illustrates that even when Sean is stoned and uncreative, he feels the need to write about being stoned and uncreative. "Return of the Unicorn" is a six-song release of rather mature, and not excessively captivating songmanship based around songs of hip love, drugs and confessional digs for sympathy that the artists must torture themselves with. Respectable for the drive, but the general malaise and drifting tempos make this a bit dreary to listen to. Creative, but in need of some sass. (Now, his other project Har Mar Superstar is all sass and no substance, so when he finds the groove to focus these ambitions, Sean Na Na will truly be a tasty find.)

Bushman

Marz

"Lung Fu Mo She"

E-Magine Entertainment, Inc.

Finally someone has it right. Not to say that every one of you rap-metal bands out there has it wrong, but for once there's a successful effort to take this "new" genre of music in a different direction - one that doesn't reside in the neighborhood of a food group. Personally, I'm sick of being force-fed Korn and Bizkits. With Zlatko Hukic, former Ministry guitarist, as the album's driving force, Lung Fu Mo She is flirting with brilliance. It maintains an electronically-driven grim disposition and is layered with sinister guitars and wicked backbeats that slap you in the face. Expect spiritually empowering lyrics with the brutality of an NWA score dispensing poetic justice across the board. The closest song comparison I can make is Outkast's "Bombs over Baghdad". Lung Fu Mo She's rap roots really come through in this crossover, sharpened by unusual samples and Hukic's methodical, intense vocals. Truthfully, Marz is an entity unique unto itself.

Mia West

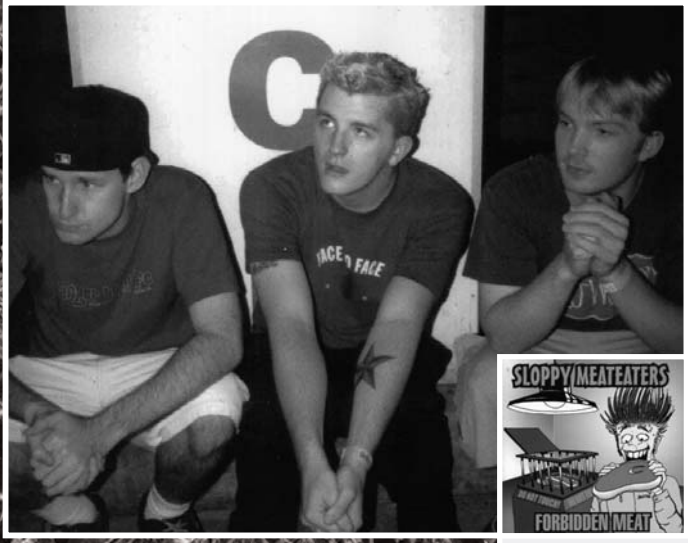
Screeching Weasel

"Teen Punks In Heat"

Panic Button

What is this? The 100th Screeching Weasel release? Regardless, this is a sweeeeet album. Good sound, and with the typical bitching about girls that young punk bands try to pull but are mostly unsuccessful with. This latest release off Panic Button is 20 songs long, but you wouldn't know it, considering it finishes in at around a half hour. That's an odd quirk that SW and few other bands can pull off: plenty of songs, which are technically repetitive but you wouldn't notice unless you tried. A few standout songs are "Gotta Girlfriend" and "I Wanna Fuck". Although there really isn't one bad song on here, if you don't like SW, don't buy this CD. There is nothing new here. For anyone into them, this is defiantly another one for the collection.

PR!



Sloppy Meateaters

"Forbidden Meat"

Orange Peal Records

This three-piece punk band from Rome, Georgia, must be doing something right. They've only been together a couple of years and their music was included on a Razor Freestyle Playstation game, they played a show on the Warped Tour, played on TV's Farm Club, released their first album, and are getting ready to release yet another titled "Forbidden Meat." Their newest contains songs with easy flowing lyrics and that poppy-punk sound, which make the tracks catchy and lovable. It might be easy these days to turn ones nose up at just another trendy pop-punk sounding band, but it would be a mistake to over look this unit without giving this release a spin. With songs like, "One dream at a Time" and "Fresh Air," this record is easy on the ears. Sloppy Meateaters aren't as unruly as the hardest punk band, but they are by no means as "pop culture" driven as Blink 182. They run the lines of NOFX and the Atari's. The Sloppy Meateaters sound has definitely matured since their first album, "Shameless Self-Promotion." For those into the lighter side of punk, definitely pick up the "Forbidden Meat" when it comes out in June. It will fill the space nicely in any skater-punk collection.

Kelli "Skye" Fadroski

The Peacocks

"Angel"

Asian Man Records

This one's tough to pigeonhole. Not that I care to, but for those that haven't heard of the Peacocks, some kind of explanation is needed. They seem to pull their style from the cream of every decade since the Great Depression. The general drive is definitely punk and rockabilly, but the smooth standup bass and sparkling hollow body guitar tones call back to an older sound. Classic wide-open 50's melodies and driving rhythms... I'm definitely reminded of The Red Elvises, although these guys ain't commies. They're from Switzerland, so they may be communist sympathizers - I wouldn't trust them with my virgin daughters. They use a tad less gimmickry than the Elvises, leaning toward simpler, raw song structure and dry, humble lyrics. Guitarist-singer Hasu Langhart's voice gives a nod to Joey Ramone, god rest/damn his soul. Bassist Simon Langhard (no relation) keeps it simple over Tony Hilber's smooth shuffling beats. I'm stuck on Track 4, "It's Not Me." Hasu rambles in broken English over a chugging riff and double-time drums with a wailing wasteland surf bridge. This one could easily evoke moshing and dancing at the same time. Shit, that holds true for nearly every song. This isn't a catchy album, not in the traditional sense. All-American music made in Switzerland. Whatever. It just sounds fucking good.

Mike Peaslee

The Applicators

"What's Your Excuse"

Cornerstone R.A.S.

The Applicators geographically hail from Texas, yet temporally it seems more like they're from 1984. The four lassies dressed in plaid miniskirts and bondage belts do their best riot grrrl impression on their debut LP. Arguably the coolest part of the CD is the song "Puke on You" because the mental imagery is simply priceless. It reminds me of my friend Charlie from high school and his abysmal run-in with his ex-girlfriend at a New Year's Eve party. It's better that I not tell the story. The Applicators sound a lot like both The Red Aunts and The Groovie Ghoulies-lots of yelling with little three-chord progressions. Fans of poppy, female-based music like Dance Hall Crashers will be left scratching their collective heads after listening to such stripped down songs as "She Smells Like Me" and "I Don't Bleed". Instead, The Applicators take their cue from older punk bands such as X and The Dead Milkmen, giving their work an edgy, rough feel. In their cover of Sleater-Kinney's "Good Things", The Applicators show they are capable of slowing down the screeching onslaught in order to show a more polished side as well. It's not great, but it shows a promise of fine things to come.

Brian Greenaway

Trick Daddy

"Thugs Are Us"

Slip-N-Slide/Atlantic Records

Like most rap albums nowadays, this album is more of a compilation album of the whole Slip-N-Slide family than it is a solo album of Trick Daddy. However, unlike most rap albums out there, just about every track on the CD is bangin. Trick Daddy brings the Southern sound that's really emerging now and brings forth clean beats and kick ass lyrics to go with it. "Take It To Da House" is already getting lots of airplay and becoming a summer anthem, but "I'm a Thug" is a surprise with the kids chorus adding so much more to the song. Having Trina and the rest of the Slip-N-Slide crew adds rather than detracts from the realness of the album. Definitly a good listen and a better party album.

DumlaoX

MU330

"Live - Oh Yeah!"

Asian Man Records

Ska is here to stay. Great ska bands like Skankin Pickle, Reel Big Fish and Fishbone took the sound one step further and pioneered a new breed of ska based on punk, rock, metal, funk and reggae. MU330 is one of those hybrid bands. "Live - Oh Yeah!" is a live recording in which they play songs from their entire career (1994 to present). Starring such great players like Dan Potthast (on vocals/guitar), Ted Moll (Drums), Chris Diebold (bass), Rob Bell (Trombone) and Gerry Lundquist (trombone, also played with Skankin Pickle), MU330 burns up the stage with their amazing grasp of music. From the burning, punk flavored opener, "Wide Awake" to the funky "Stuff" MU330 entertains with ingenious chord progressions and excellent time. Don't forget the almost hardcore ska tunes "Ireland" and "LA" which are pristine and flavorful. MU330 is an excellent ska band with a history of kicking ass. As for this live album, it is excellent and is a necessity for any ska band. The recording quality is also very good and there are very few mistakes on the band's part which makes for an awesome listening experience. Their web site, www.mu330.com, is packed with info plus you can get merchandise through it. Buy yourself a copy of this CD and skank your way around town.

Creedle 110

Cataract

"Golem"

Ferret Music

The best part of having this job is getting to review groups like Cataract that just blow my mind. This hard-as-shit band slams their way from deep within Europe, specifically Switzerland. They have been tearing apart stages all over Europe and leaving followers craving more. As far as what type of music they play, lets just call it speedmetal. Just listening to, "Golem" had me slamming myself into the walls. They open up their album with a killer cut, "Loss of a smile". This incarnation tears apart you head, getting in and destroying any conservative remnant. "I regret" and "Within four walls" are guitar driven metal explosions that make you question your sanity. This whole album is shit-hot and is a must have for anyone who loves hardcore music. "Two seconds" is the hardest song on the album and also has the best guitar work on it. These guys play the hell out of their instruments and I am sure they go through strings and drum heads like crazy. Park yourself at their website at www.cataract.ch and check out all the downloads they have as well as all their show dates. They are making their U.S. debut this summer during the month of July, so be sure to catch them. Ferret records has definitely hit pay dirt with Cataract. Oh, by the way, if you want to know what a "Golem" is, you must by the CD.

Creedle 110

Land Speed Record!

"Road to Flight"

Resin Records

There's a guy who lives downstairs from me who I always see smoking and he's always wearing a shirt that says "I love Robots". On my way to the mailbox yesterday I struck up a conversation with him and somehow Land Speed Record! came up. "Oh, those guys rule!" He said. "Kind of like early Cake with more synthesizers. And their singer sort of sounds like Rivers Cuomo-you know, Weezer's singer-and I totally dig the way his lyrics are all esoteric, like in that song "The Bleeding Heart of Cement" when he's all, 'And as the ties are severed the solder melts - and quickly disappears', I mean nobody really knows what it means or anything, but it's so cool. They even remind me of REM a little bit, how they're not afraid to just mix it up and put in all this weird experimental electronic stuff accompanied by more traditional guitars and drums and stuff. I just can't get enough of LSR, man. And don't you think it's cool how there's all of that distortion surrounding all of the songs, so it sounds all space-agey, like it's coming from another galaxy? Cool, huh?"
"I think they suck, but do you care if I use what you just said in my CD review?"
"Um, no."

Brian Greenaway

Guided By Voices

"Isolation Drills"

TVT Records

Jesus. What an I listening to? Seriously now, other music critics are comparing Guided By Voices frontman and principle songwriter, Robert Pollard, to Mozart and motherfucking Shakespeare of all goddamn people! Now, critics, especially music critics who typically have lots of words to use and little meaning to actually impart pack excess verbiage into both their praise and defamation. I'd have to say this is the case with the knuckle heads who are all but claiming the second coming of Christ. "Robert Pollard cures lepers with his mesmerizingly beautiful pop melodies!" boasts Rolling Stone. "Third track on GBV's 'Isolation Drills' turns water into wine," writes Spin magazine. "GBV's virtuoso vocalist raises the dead with breathtaking, dead raising song writing skills," says Interview. Okay, here's my take. I've never heard any GBV before, ever. Not once. This album has very clean, meticulous production and a tiring, relaxed beauty not heard since maybe R.E.M.'s "Fables of the Reconstruction." It's passionate, easy going, hard to dislike short pop ditties that never over stay their welcome. The album's course of sixteen tracks falls short of the fifty minute mark. You do the math. It's good sharp indie rock. And that's not easy to achieve. The indie rockers usually wallow and ultimately drown under their own pretensions, but not Guided By Voices. Beware, the over abundant praise thrown on this band by other critics is enough to make a guy vomit in terror, but there's no need. It's all a load of pretense that they throw up since GBV's throws no pretense of their own. It's music. Period. NOT Shakespeare, Mozart, Picasso and the son of fucking Zeus all rolled into one and digitally encoded on a plastic disc.

Dick

Liquid American Culture

"In a Life aLive"

Carbon Garden Records

Let's get right to it; the fifteen tracks on this album blend together to form a sixty-six-minute ode to incoherence. It's a real struggle to tell the difference between one track and the next. Liquid American Culture mixes lead singer Unorthodox Hunter's spoken-word-style delivery with deep and prominent bass sounds and Josiah McGinley's moaning saxophone, then throws in spaced-out keyboards and percussion for good measure, and ends up with a sleepy sound vaguely reminiscent of Morphine. The moody, brooding sound which characterized Morphine, however, comes off as limp and repetitive when attempted by Liquid American Culture. As Unorthodox himself says (and says again and again) on " Trancer," "fuck what you want / get what you need." It says here that you definitely don't need this disc in your stereo.

C-Train

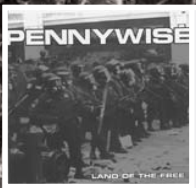
Icarus Line

"Mono"

Crank

Sounds like Drive Like Jehu and they dress kinda like Kraftwerk did on "Man-Machine", but regardless L.A.'s Icarus Line treat the listener to some of the most brutal, stripped down rock and roll available. Driving and harsh while retaining plenty of ass-shaking groove, Icarus Line are bound to make friends with fans of the Murder City Devils, At the Drive-In, International Noise Conspiracy, the now defunct Make-Up/Nation of Ulysses and other like-minded acts. The idea is reviving the energy and style of early mod, filtering it through the anarchic abandon of Stooge rock and bringing it to you with all the angular, nervy, techy, post-punk moves the kids gotta have these days so they know a band can really play. Icarus Line pulls it off and then some. By the way, "Mono" (the album title) refers to that crummy sleeping sickness you get when you're a kid, not the "as opposed to stereo" once-fashionable type of recording. You can tell that's what they're really getting at here because the picture of what the cover is supposed to look like on this promo CD envelope seems like an image of a sexy girl standing in front of a bed. Get it? She's got mono and she's all tired. Poor chick. She might miss the show. Wash your hands at those shows, kids, and don't rub your eyes or stick your fingers in your mouth!

Zack Wentz



Pennywise

"Land of the Free?"

Epitaph

Ever get that feeling? You know, that deep burning inside your heart, mind starts to race, palms and the back of your neck become cold and clammy? New release from Pennywise. I'll admit to my ignorance; I haven't listened to Pennywise since that song in the 90's made it on the radio-reruns for a while, "Same Old Story". As it turns out, I heard the first single off this album on a new independent (92.1) radio station deep in the armpit of shit radio, San Diego. This album is quite good, and I can see that musician wise, nothing has changed since I heard them last. They fucking blast thru songs. No dilly dallying here. 'Fuck Authority' seems a little too trite of a song, but it still rocks. Unfortunately, I've noticed that Pennywise tends to get lumped into that 'surf rock' category, and not in a good way. A similar example would be the Green Day Factor. 95% of any punk rock kid knows every lyric of Green Day's 'Dookie' but dare they sport a GD patch or shirt? Hell no, that's uncool. I think the only thing saving PW from GD ignorance is that PW are way heavier and faster then little Billy Joe's arms could ever move, and that makes them better. I thought the best thing about this album was despite it's brisk half hour of bliss, my CD player repeated it about four times before I noticed it, which is something to be said. How many CD's can you set repeating themselves? None, bitch! Dare you think anything else could survive the awesome power of repetitions?!?

PR!

The Generators

"Tyranny"

TKO Records

With all the great bands coming out of TKO Records, I would expect nothing short of greatness from this band. The Generators aren't exactly tapping into anything new, but they do have an awesome sound. To label this band as strictly punk would be ignorant, because there is a definite presence of rock n' roll. A little mix I've titled "punk n' roll." Some songs are definitely danceable like, "All Night Long," and "Coming Down." These guys must be awesome live, I have a feeling they'd present a lot of energy. Their album, "Tyranny" is chalk-full of it! It's one of those albums that can be listened to with friends where you dance around and have a good time, or listened to alone and suddenly your shoes start to tap along with the beat. The Generators take on more of an old-school punk rock sound, rather then the harder screaming punk of today. It is both refreshing and relaxing, considering today's popular music standards. Either it's screeching rap-rock, or boy band bubble gum pop, it's safe to say that The Generators fall into neither category. This release is definitely worth placing in the "this one's a keeper," box.

Kelli "Skye" Fadroski

The Incredible Moses Leroy

"Electric Pocket Radio"

Ultimatum Music

The Incredible Moses Leroy recently performed at a San Diego street festival, where he closed the set with a earnest rendition of "Sunshine on My Shoulders." A latecomer, wandering by, was overheard to ask, "Is that Ben Harper?" There's admittedly a resembance, but Moses Leroy is closer to Sean Lennon, minus the sarcasm. Leroy (real name: Rob Foutenberry) has an undeniable charm. Though the album's first single, "Fuzzy," is already reaching for radio saturation and may become this summer's annoyingly omnipresent "Steal My Kisses," it's difficult to dislike. The pervasive sweetness is disarming. Anyone who can pull off a line like, "You are soft and cuddly / And you are warm and fuzzy" with perfect straight-faced sincerity and pair it with "Let's paint the town red / Like Carrie" deserves some measure of appreciation. Weezer comparisons come to mind. For all its conscious cuteness, "Electric Pocket Radio" is best described as post-modern easy listening. It makes for very pleasant background music, but none of it is particularly memorable. No worries for Leroy, though; what with the heavy airplay and an upcoming Gap ad to his dubious credit, he'll soon be beaten into the collective cultural consciousness.

eaf

Haste

"When Reason Sleeps"

Century Media

Loud, heavy, aggressive, well-executed tight playing are the hallmarks of "When Reason Sleeps" by Haste. Depending on one's outlook, Haste either treats you to a dual-vocal attack or they irritate you with not one but two bad vocalists. I belong to the latter school of thought myself. First you get Cookie Monster grumbling, then you get Sam Kinison screeching of master M.C. #2, then back to Cookie Monster, then back to Sam, then, well it just goes on like that. Sometimes we're treated to, quote, unquote "singing." I'd think one vocalist could do what they need two to do. The stars of the album are the two guitarists who would do much better for themselves by auditioning new vocal talent. I want to recommend this album without overly praising the thing. The guitars do pummel the listener with wonderfully crafted intricacies and technical precision. Whether or not I find any of this album innovative or having the spark that'll give it endurance as a welcomed member of my cd collection is hard to say. What I can say is they don't mess around. The album is kept claustrophobically heavy and tight with little breathing room for even the slightest error. Where the songs tend to fail is in the tender, unguarded middle where neither the strength of the intro. or rising action of the climax saves them from getting tedious. If it was a movie, you're butt would be sore through the whole second act. But what's new?

Dick

The Space Cossacks

"Tsar Wars"

MuSick Recordings

"What's a Cossack?" My roommate asked as I inserted the CD with odd cover art into my computer. "I think it's one of those hats that artists wear," I responded. Turns out I'm wrong. According to Webster's, the Cossacks are peoples from the southern Soviet Union noted for their prowess as cavalrymen - obviously intrepid explorers unafraid to do things their own way. The name jibes quite well with the unique, instrumental sound on the "Tsar Wars" LP. Imagine surf music in the 27th Century. Something the Silver Surfer would listen to on his headphones as he slashes his way around the galaxy. There you have The Space Cossacks. While the majority of quasi-surf music is nothing more than old Ventures' rip-offs, Guitarist Ivan Pongracic and his supporting cast create fifteen moody, instrumental tracks amazingly unlike anything on the market. Besides simply picking out the "tiki-tiki" two-tone usually associated with surf music, The Space Cossacks are able to infuse a myriad of convincing ethnic beats into their work: such as Latin spice on "Fiesta Del Cossacapulco" and even a transcendental, Middle Eastern feel on, "The Apes of Wrath". These much needed changes of pace keep "Tsar Wars" from being just another mediocre instrumental CD with odd cover art.

Brian Greenaway

The Living End

"Roll On"

Warner Bros.

The Living End, made up of three blokes from Down Under, forks out gritty, crusty punkibilly at it's best. The formula of tossing in a hellish double-bass bludgeoned at hyper speeds with traditional British punk overtures, has made for stellar arrangements that refuse to lose momentum. It's an engaging listen thanks to several courageous change-ups reeking of anything from ska to rock n' roll - all which will certainly help in shaking the anticipated Green Day comparisons. Surprisingly, the lyrics tackle significant topics. "Don't Shut the Gate", a rock tune touching on Australia's strict immigration laws, and "Revolution Regained" reliving East Timor's continuing struggle are smartly counterbalanced by quintessential beer-guzzling anthems like, "Carry Me Home" and "Uncle Harry". They are sure to be a radio favorite.

Mia West

Half Japanese

"Hello"

Alternative Tentacles

It's odd to get an album, throw it in for the listen (that's right, I actually listen to the albums I review) and enjoy it immediately. You listen and you know you must now write about it because that's the whole point: to convey meaning and a sense of the music through printed words. The songs play, weird kazoo noises, fuzz box vocals, catchy but odd riffs burble out of the speakers and you search for words to describe it all, for metaphors and you ask yourself, "If I said the songs sound like Guinea Pigs thrown at a high voltage electric fence would anyone understand what I mean?" And you answer yourself, "No, certainly not." Half Japanese, I see from their discography, has been putting out records since 1977. The only comparison I can make to other bands is, maybe they at times sound a bit like Bongwater as filtered through the Dr. Demento Show and Frank Zappa. In fact, I'm surprised by their discography that they've never had a release on Shimmy Disc. It seems they would've fit in quite nicely, what with their day dreamy musical negotiations through child like quandaries into the nature of reality that lead up to big noisy musical fits that soon recede like the tide, leaving pretty shells behind and crabs to crawl around on your mind after the album has reached its end.

Dick

Flotsam and Jetsam

"My God"

Metal Blade

Yeah, I'm sure every dumb fuck out there is getting big fat jollies by doing exactly what I'm about to do... My God? My God is right! It's exactly what I thought when I picked this album up, "My God, these guys are still putting albums out!" They are, but that doesn't mean they should. It's silly, poorly executed and weak material. It flops around like a dying fish on my half erect cock. "What do I mean by that dead fish crack?" you ask. Many things. Either Flotsam and Jetsam is my cock and they're choking their music to death with their refusal to stop the madness or Flotsam and Jetsam is the fish and they're failing to arouse me with their worn out song-writing, or I just like making metaphors that somehow involve my cock like some mad egotistical cock crazy music critic. F & J should have called it quits after "No Place for Disgrace" in 1988. That was a pretty good album with a hard metal production by Bill Metoyer that hasn't been duplicated by the band ever since. Bill, by the way, is the producer on "My God" too. If you enjoy lackluster metal songs that don't particularly do anything, go anywhere or tread new ground then buy this record you stupid fish fucking whore!

Dick

Narnia
"Desert Land"
Nuclear Blast

Ah, power metal, so non-threatening, and so easily written off by most metal fans. Not to say that the music lacks talent, as is the case with Narnia, who's guitarist, Carljohan Grimmark, has been declared a guitar hero by Japanese press (which means what to you and me?) and tends to show off his young but healthy chops throughout out the album. Now are you surprised to find that this band that got its claim to fame for opening for Dio's comeback tour sounds like a vehicle for a guitarist? A new term seems to be floating around because of this band, which describes there style as neo-classical metal. Hmmm…not a fair thing to say about classical metal. To these bias ears, there is a lot of talent going towards uninteresting ends. "Revolution Of Mother Earth," is the kind of ballad they make fun of in beer commercials and threaten to find the CD making a trip to Music Trader. One thing is for sure, when you have a guitar virtuoso on the album, there had better be some DAMN good solo's, and this album had some good ones. Nothing great, nothing really showing the listener just how good the band/members can be. "The Light at the End of the Tunnel" was pretty decent, displaying some of Grimmark's better work, subtly. His greatest sounds tend to come out when he's a little slower and more expressive, leaving the fast licks to sound somewhat unimpressive despite speed. Frankly, as with most power metal, its just better not to go in to the lyrics. The best part of the album was the few moments when the singer was on the tracks. Just because the lyrics are lame, and band doesn't seem to need a singer. A lot of power metal would be better off just as instrumental.

Rinaldo

Marduk
"La Grande Danse Macabre"
Century Media

It says here, "Marduk was formed out of guitarist Morgan Hakansson's desire to create the most blasphemous music ever experienced." I'm not sure what that means exactly, but the last track on this Marduk album is called "Jesus Christ... Sodomized." As if being sodomized is somehow worse than being crucified. "Hmm?" pondered Jesus, "Nails through both of my hands and feet, a crown of thorns and a spear jammed into my gut while I hang on a board nailed to a tree or... what was the other option? A penis inserted into my anus and shoved in and out a few times? That's a toughie, but I think I'll go with the penis." And who wouldn't go with the penis, really? It can't be that bad. Lots of people even seem to like it. Lots of people even seem to like Marduk. Interestingly enough, I am one of them. It's one hundred percent Black Metal for Black Metal purists. Snarling powerful vocals. Shredding fast rip 'em up bass, plenty of furious blasting drum parts and ample gothic moody passages ala the Marché Funebre. There is nothing extraneous to the mix. No organs, no mandolins, and no bagpipers bagpiping confuse this straightforward assault of muddle brained satanic buffoonery and sharp well-written songs. You know what you're getting at every turn, but isn't that corporate chain store philosophy? Every McDonald's should serve up the same identical deep fried molded chicken chunks as every other McDonald's. No surprises and none expected. That's Marduk. A name you can count on. Music that satisfies.

Dick

Waterdown
"Draw a Smiling Face"
Two Friends Recordings

This tantalizingly short, four song EP from Germany's Waterdown gives a taste of good things to come from the land of sausages and nice cars. Waterdown combines the ferocity and passion of traditional hardcore with melodic vocal melodies. Fans of Sick of it All and H20 will recognize the format and certainly embrace "Draw a Smiling Face". The title track aptly captures the essence of the band, surrounding Marcel's soaring vocals with Ingo's guttural screams. The result is a sound that cannot easy be defined or pigeonholed into a distinct category. None of that really matters though, does it? Just keep an eye out for their full-length release on Victory Records entitled "Never Kill the Boy on the First Date". Good advice.

Brian Greenaway

King Django
"Reason"
Hellcat Records

Reggae never was the biggest genre in my musical backround. Sure, I know the big artists (Bob Marley, um..that fast talkin white guy Snow) but that's about where my knowledge grinds to a halt. In fact, the closest I've gotten to Jamican's are those dirty rave/hippy kids on the boardwalk at the beach. Now, I know dirt and Jnco's can't be THAT much about reggae...I mean, I can understand the dreads, but the dirt? King Djanamo steps on the scene off of Hellcat. Yes, the label with those crazy punk rock folks have a little piss in their pudding. And by piss I mean KD, but in a good way, not like urine. Urine isnt really BAD, per say, I just could understand someone taking offence to being compared to it. Hardly anything good comes out of urine, except maybe cocaine and beer induced kinky sex acts. And by kinky I mean someone besides your sister. Thats nasty. Same amount of letters, different word and meaning. This album took me a bit to get used to. In fact, I still skip over the first two tracks. Just not that fond of 'em! The third track, that's where the love kicks in. With keyboards and drum machine, Nex Season starts out like a song by Parapa, but it really pulls itself together. Little bits of scratching with a upbeat (but not happytrance shit) sound and a fast flow, this should have been the first song. It's got a real odd pickups and drops, which get passed on to the rest of the album. The next track, "Never Try" is almost a Pietasters clone, which is good, but it's slow crooning almost upsets the faster pickup of the other tracks. Hey, whats KMFDM doing on this album? Silly, it's not them, it's just what "I Don't Want You" sounds like. The finish to this album is "Cold Fronting", which is a wierd techno mix thingy. Check this album out if you kinda enjoy beats but you don't have pants with 60" legs. But don't forget to skip track's 1-2. I tried to remove them by scratching them off the CD, but now my CD won't play. I made this whole review up.

PR!

Ann Beretta
"New Union... Old Glory"
Lookout! Records

It's anthemic working class songs for the down trodden who still insist on getting back up even after the 100th kick down. The songs are good if formulaic. Take Op. Ivy, Bruce Springsteen and a touch of Social D., blend on high and you'll more or less wind up with Ann Beretta. The band uses the chorus to their advantage, combining shout along lyrics with jump up and down like a goon with your fist in the air beats. The guitar rocks out in folksy faux punk style while the vocals sound out emotionally from a throat that sounds smoke filled and alcohol fueled. That's more or less describes what I hear, but it doesn't necessarily account for my actual feelings. I have a lot of music thrown at me by the tyrannical editor/overlord of Modern Fix. Some of the music is used as punishment for not meeting deadlines. Just last week I was forced to review 24 straight hours of Linkin Park bootleg discs. Does that give you an idea? I doubt it. You just have no fucking idea! I live in abject terror. My days are spent in a cold fearful sweat, clutching rosary beads and praying to Mary Holy Mother of God that I just be left alone and never have to review anymore rap metal forever and ever, amen! So, sometimes I don't know if I like an album or if I like it because it just seems so damn familiar, so damn much like other bands that I already vaguely enjoy. You know what I mean? Doesn't the Big N' Tasty seem an awful lot like the Whopper?

Dick

Dismal Euphony
"Python Zero"
Nuclear Blast

Well its good to hear someone expand the boundaries of power metal, Python Zero starts out as a strange mix of gothic infused power metal and tends to drift away from the power side of things as the album progresses. Though never completely distancing there sound out of power metal, Dismal Euphony has a heaping portion of gothic and assorted other sounds in the mix. At times categorization fails, and Python Zero just stands alone, other moments find them making the transition to goth metal. The guitar work has a hollow sound because the reveb is turned up, but not to the point of sounding like Dick Dale. Not hyper-showy, the guitarist know there own limits and work within their realm of ability. The first track, "Critical Mass," might catch you off guard with the use of blast beats, about the furthest departure from them realm of the usual. The drums were excellent through out the entire album, sold, in fact rock steady, they are just great. Use of blast beats later in the album, on "Birth Reverse," have a gothic/black feel, sounding like Cradle Of Filth. Dismal Euphony's vocal styling a really different, mostly dependent on mid-range female vocals, and on thick low male vocals, the crapy and boring sounds that bog down most power metal are absent. The limited use of electronics were tone tastefully and appropriately, making an interesting break on "Needle." "Plasma Pool" was another unexpected track, opening up with black metal vocals, and a unique approach to death metal. After the intro, things settle back down into more gothic/power metal groves, but damn if it didn't cause surprise. Any fan of power metal should challenge them selves a little with Python Zero, and fans of gothic metal definitely need to give this a listen.

Rinaldo

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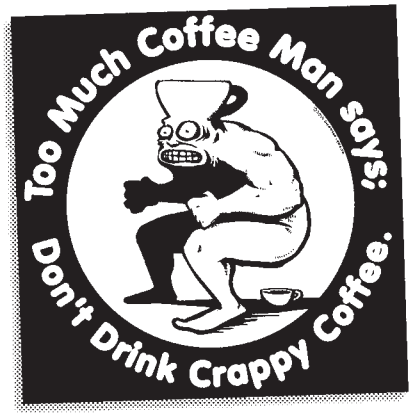

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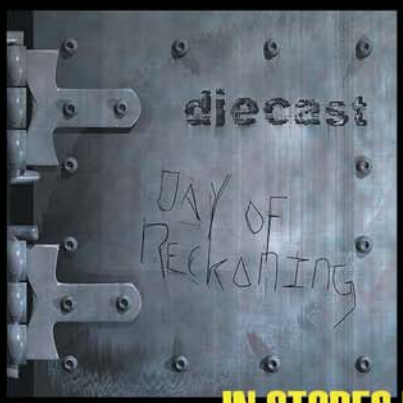

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